TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 5, No. 5 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, DECEMBER 26, 1891. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 213

Around Town.

The other day I expressed to a friend my wonder that the old rule "Unto him who hath shall be given, while from him who hath not shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have," should still so well describe the distribution of fortune's favors. I do not know that the quotation is exactly given, but it conveys the idea. Some men start out to practice law or medicine and everything seems to come their way. The good things of life, or at least the material things that we are all after, go to but few. Somebody said that "nothing succeeds like success," but wherein lies the original success? No doubt the best foundation is laid in integrity and industry, but outside of these there is a tide that seems to catch men on its crest and carry them along to fame and fortune. They do not seem to seek the things they get, but favors pass those who are supplicating for them and rest upon those who have plenty and are apparently regardless of obtaining more.

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"Did you ever notice," suggested my friend, "that the man who gives is the man who gets? Of course there are those who pretend to be generous and willing to let others live, but really generous men, generous in money matters, in speaking of others, in dealing with other men, they are the ones who succeed, for 'With the same measure that we mete withal it shall be measured to you again.'" There is nothing truer than the rule laid down somewhere by one of the evangelists. "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over shall men give into your bosom." The thought struck me and I have been thinking it over. People treat us as we treat them. If we fight the world it fights us. If we suspect our comrades and companions they suspect us. If we are mean to people they are certain to be mean to us. If we are prone to make everybody feel our poverty and force them to share it with us, we are made to feel their poverty and share it with them. If we are prosperous and generous those who can put prosperity in our way do so, and when we are dealing with them they treat us generously and give us a chance to make something or to be somebody. The kicker, the grumbler, never succeeds, for his grumbling is answered with a complaint, and his kick against luck is replied to by a similar kick. The one willing to pay fairly for all he gets, finds those who will pay good prices for what he has to sell; the one hunting for a chance to get something for nothing gets bitten, and finds that for his something he has got nothing. So it goes, and it seems unalterably true—"Give and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down, and shaken together and running over, will men give into your bosom." This is a good season of the year for people to adopt this motto, and if they are generous and give ungrudgingly to those who need, not to those who can repay, they shall find the overflowing measure coming from somewhere and emptied into their bosom.

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It is a great mistake to confine our giving to those who can, if they wish, make a return. As I have often remarked, to give to one who may be expected to make a return is to lose a friend. Almost invariably, such people try to evade the giving of the return and learn to hate the giver, and because they believe him anxious for compensation feel mean at not paying the debt, while too mean to pay. By cancelling the friendship they think they cancel the debt, and away goes the friendship. It is the mental and moral condition of being generous, not the specific repayment of the gifts made, that causes prosperity and a generous attitude of the public to the generous man. In individual cases the man who gives you something is more apt to like you than the one to whom you do a favor. In the former instance the giver has an interest in you, hopes in a very indefinite way, perhaps, for something from you; in the latter case he too often wishes to be rid of you and his obligation. Unfortunately, this is too often as true when the gift was made or the favor done in a generous spirit as when it was done in a selfish and calculating way. The true spirit of giving is that which comes of the understanding that we should divide, freely, fairly, generously with others, and then others will do the same with us. Those to whom we are most generous may never repay us with aught but ingratitude, but others who owe us nothing, but attracted by what is good and congenial in thought and action, will pour the overflowing measure into our bosom. Generosity and justice are general, not specific; it must be an impulse, or at least a rule of conduct, not merely an experiment or the basis of a trade, or it will be found to be nothing but the parent of ingratitude.

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Nothing is exciting greater interest in Canada at the present time than the situation in Quebec. Ever since Confederation, in fact ever since popular government was instituted in Canada, Quebec's chief effort in Federal affairs has been to rule the roost and rob the treasury. No matter what ordinary question was under consideration, the French-Canadian representatives in Parliament have always been open to bribes of money or power, but when a provincial issue arose and they could obtain the confidence of the *habitant* by acting in the most sectional and what seems to me the most seditious manner, nothing has been too startlingly wrong for them to do. On Dominion subsidies for Quebec they have always been united; in religious matters they present an unbroken front; on racial questions there is never any division. They have so often combined to blackmail the Government that the idea has become prevalent that they are invincible and their conduct decent. It seems impossible to carry on the government without them; it has also been proven that it is impossible to carry on the government with them. The revelations in the last Parliament with regard to the administration of Ministers Langevin and Chapleau prove what the country has long suspected, that the enthusiastic loyalty of the French Canadian to his race and religion has to be stimulated by bribes. The investigation of Mr. Mercier's management of provincial funds affords another instance of how enthusiasm is manufactured. Nationalism, race and revenge have some weight, but boodle is the lynch-pin of French-Canadian politics. Chapleau's demand for a portfolio which would give him greater patronage and more money to spend, is another indication of how this unity of the *habitant* is maintained. There is no doubt that politically the Province of Quebec is thoroughly corrupt. The great changes which we have been led to believe were caused by fanaticism have really been brought about by the spending of money or the hope of getting some money to spend. In fact, we have over-estimated the sentimentalism of the province and under-estimated the venality which everyone has long known to be the chief factor in a Quebec constituency. The alliance of the Church with Count Mercier has helped him, yet no matter how disposed we may be to resent the Quebec idea that the Church should be superior to the State, we none of us imagine that the Church is willing to see the State robbed, particularly when the individual members of the Church are to be the victims and the Church must fail to be the beneficiary. We have a very well grounded suspicion that if the money that has to be expended in controlling Quebec elections be gotten from the Dominion and is a portion of the wealth of the heretic, there is no lively attempt to suppress bribery, but affairs have got to that point now that Quebec cannot hope to obtain money from the Federal treasury to corrupt itself. Mercier and his gang have been worse than their predecessors, but it has long been the system amongst Quebec politicians to steal all they can get, and now the province is a bankrupt. There is no hope of any government giving Quebec a greater subsidy or voting money to build railways after it has been shown how the Baie de Chaleur's grant was disposed of. Having these facts in view and knowing that the province is divided and hopeless, now is the time for Premier Abbott to show his strength and reconstruct his Cabinet without evincing any signs of truckling to those who have brought their province and our common country into such disrepute. It will be long before Quebec again becomes a unit. The ringsters have no money to spend; sentiment has been appealed to until even the sentimentalists are wearied. Mercier says he has been unjustly dismissed; Lieutenant Governor Angers is no doubt sentimentally and constitutionally right in his action, and people must understand that technicalities should not save a corrupt administration. Even the *Globe* fears that government in Quebec is becoming as unstable as in the Spanish-American countries away to the south of us. The constantly recurring crisis indicates that French Canada is only united in its efforts to plunder the Federal chest, and as this has been closed I imagine that the general dread of and despicable truckling to Quebec will cease to mark the conduct of our Government. We can well afford to see them fight amongst themselves; if like the Kilkenny cats they mew and chew until there is nothing left, the remainder of Canada will not be sorry.

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"Despite the fact that the demonstration was seriously handicapped through the unavoidable absence of the candidate, the proceedings were throughout of a very successful character."—*Telegram.*

"When the proceedings were begun the main body of the hall was crowded with citizens, while in the gallery were many ladies and their escorts."—*Globe.*

"E. B. Osler's inaugural meeting was held in the Auditorium last night, a large crowd being present."—*Mail.*

"Successful meeting at the Auditorium. The building was well filled, though not uncomfortably crowded."—*World.*

"Ratified by a great meeting of voters. Though Mr. Osler is now on the water and is not expected in Toronto for a day or two, his absence diminished little the enthusiasm of the audience. The two thousand people who composed the audience, by the way, represented every class of respectable citizens."—*Empire.*

"A dizzy failure. The Osler ratification meeting doesn't amount to much."—*News.*

All these extracts were taken from the newspapers of last Saturday and refer to E. B. Osler's ratification meeting in the Auditorium on the previous evening. The *Empire*, and possibly the *World*, were the only papers supporting Mr. Osler; the others all favor somebody else, yet all of them but the *News* declare Mr. Osler's meeting to have been a success. It must be apparent to everybody that in this case the *News*, in order to serve their candidate, is telling untruths. This seems to be their idea of how to elect their man. They apparently imagine they can play upon the credulity of their readers. Very few people in Toronto read but one newspaper, and the *News* was consequently convicted of untruth in every household. Even before this comparative statement was published, the people who composed the splendid audience in the Auditorium when reading the *News's* disgraceful misrepresentation of that gathering, must at once have known on seeing it that nothing that is said in such a journal is worthy of belief. The *News* probably thinks that the workingmen, whom it pretends to lead, will not discover the frauds which are being attempted or find out the untruths that are being told. No decent newspaper, no matter how earnestly it desires to elect its candidate, can afford to be branded as a deliberate and common liar.

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It is remarkable what can be accomplished by a strong personality. At once on Mr. E. B. Osler's return from England his campaign assumed a different phase, and confidence that he will obtain a splendid majority began to be felt. His public utterances are not made with the skill and readiness of the man accustomed to public speaking, but there is a strength and sincerity about them which cannot fail to commend him to those who want good government and have been so long looking for a vigorous, able man.

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One rainy day a couple of years ago I happened into the office of a real estate agent, where six or eight business men were sitting about discussing religion, church-going and that sort of thing. One of them said, "There are mighty few Christians in business." Another remarked, "However that may be, there are very few gentlemen, real gentlemen, you know, in business." The proprietor of the office declared after a tirade against Christianity and the folly of people who believe anything or anybody, "Well, I'll bet you that you can't name a Christian gentleman who does business in this city." I very much dislike to hear anyone talk that way, but a man who from the nature of his mind or education is an agnostic, is very apt to be critical and complainingly sweeping in his statements. I was glad when one of those present said, "Well, I can name a Christian gentleman who does business in Toronto, and does a big business too—John Kay." There was silence for a minute, then the real estate man who had been so pessimistic said, "Yes, that is so; but name another." When John Kay died last week I thought of that little dialogue and the splendid compliment it was to the life of a man who had been so many years in business, when six or eight shrewd fellows who knew the ins and outs of business and were acquainted with the weak places in a merchant's life, with one accord admitted that this good man was a Christian gentleman. What higher title is there than this?

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The Toronto Board of Trade is considering a proposition to increase the annual fee from ten to twenty dollars. It seems to me that some better scheme might be devised of equalizing the benefits of belonging to such an association. Of the eight or nine hundred members, not over a hundred meet on 'Change or derive any direct benefit from their membership. Would it not be fairer to increase the fee for active members and to leave the fee for associated members where it is at present? A man who never has any deals to make in the Board of Trade, but who obtains all his benefit from it indirectly insomuch as the association is of incalculable benefit to the city, should not have to pay as much as the one who uses the market quotations and trades every business day in the rotunda. While a member of the Board of Trade I am not sufficiently skilled in the rules which govern it, to know whether the plan I suggest is workable, but it seems fair, and if an additional revenue is necessary it would appear wiser to adopt a method of this sort rather than make the fee so high as to discourage the great class of men who do a small business from belonging to it.

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On Monday night the Council refused to ratify the appointment of Mr. Cunningham as chief engineer. I certainly think their action was wise. Within a month there will be a new council, and it is to be hoped a much better one. As the city has been redistricted there will be a new expression of public opinion, and both justice and good taste suggest the advisability of leaving such a matter to men fresh from the constituency, and who should know the desire of the electors in such matters. The whole affair has been threshed out in Council and in the newspapers. Every voter is informed as to the real and ostensible reasons for the opposition to Mr. Jennings; everyone knows why he resigned, and there may be a large section that desires his re-instatement and will so instruct those who are returned as aldermen. There is likely to be a re-adjustment of departments, and it will certainly be less embarrassing to have appointments than dismissals to make.

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The following letter by the Rev. Dr. Thomas, pastor of Jarvis street Baptist church, so clearly defines many of the views I have expressed in these columns, that despite the fact that it is lengthy and has appeared in nearly all the daily papers, it is well worth reproduction. Many times I have laid myself open to the accusation of heterodoxy by refusing to let pass uncriticized such assumption as in the Rev. Mr. Milligan's case, has called forth Dr. Thomas's trenchant rebuke.

SIR,—I have read a letter in to-day's issue of the *Mail* from the pen of Rev. G. M. Milligan which surprises me not a little. I am loath to believe that there could exist in this enlightened day a distinguished clergyman of one of our leading churches who believed that he was living under a theocracy. His defence of the position of the Ministerial Association proceeds upon that basis. He writes with superlative dogmatism in regard to a matter concerning which he has evidently a great deal to learn. All that is necessary in his case, at least, to compel people to be religious, is the power to put the fury of his righteous soul into execution. The whole letter smells of the sixteenth century. He is delightfully oblivious of the fact that there are many who love the Sabbath just as sincerely as he does who utterly repudiate his position. If ever a man wrote a letter calculated to defeat the end he was seeking to accomplish Mr. Milligan certainly is such a man.

The whole force of the reverend gentleman's argument, and that upon which he grows Puritanically warm, is based upon the assumption that it is the right of Government to enforce morality or religion for the good of the people. I have just now fallen upon an article which will express my thought a little more clearly perhaps than I could myself: "If our Government has the right, all governments have the same right. The expressed object of the Roman law was the good of the people and their religion. Having the right to enact, they had the right to enforce. Therefore under this hypothesis no blame can be attached to Rome for persecuting the Christians, nor can those slaughters be called persecutions, for the enforcement of right laws can never be persecution. It is not persecution to punish the criminal—he but suffers the penalty of violated law." I suppose that even Mr. Milligan could not fail to see whither the position for the maintenance of which he so stoutly defends the Ministerial Association tends. He may not fail to discover that to prosecute such action on religious grounds is a rehabilitating of the Church with prerogatives which it was never intended she should exercise, and which happily in this land is no longer possible.

It may be objected, as it was by Mr. Milligan on the floor of the Ministerial Association, that our law punishes the violators of some of God's commandments, such as murder, robbery, etc. This I most emphatically disallow. These are not punished as violation of moral law, but as crimes against society. "The law has to do simply with the relations of men to each other, and not with the relations of men to God. "It cannot be the prerogative of civil government to enforce religious institutions in countries where connection between Church and State is not recognized. It would result in a strange and anomalous condition of things were it really to proceed upon that basis. Were these enactments of the State enforced as God's laws the truly repentant robber or murderer, being forgiven before God, would be guiltless before the State." I think even Mr. Milligan would not fail to see whither his enforcing things would lead. A distinguished legislator says "that united with government, religion never rises above the merest superstition; united with religion, government never rises above the merest despotism, and all history shows that the more completely they are separated the better it is for both." I agree with that utterance.

Mr. Milligan makes complimentary reference to some of the aldermen for the stand they took. In the light of the principles which I have stated I must say that it seemed to me not a little absurd. Whoever heard in a country, where the State has no religious function of a body of aldermen feeling it their solemn prerogative to defend the Mosaic decalogue from being impugned? Who made them the Lord's high priests?

I yield to one in love for the Sabbath as a day of rest. I believe in its observance in the way best promotive of the moral, intellectual, and physical well-being of humanity. I do not favor the running of the street cars on the Sabbath in this city. I shall do my part both by speech and pen to prevent it; but I do not believe that I am doing God's service by refusing, when it is required, my fellow-citizens who may not happen to hold my views from expressing themselves on this or any other question of common interest. I believe in Sabbath legislation. I believe in such laws as are in the interest of public morality. I believe in the best government that can be created. It should be the consummate blossoming and expression of the nation's best and noblest life. The laws should be wise, good, and rigidly righteous. It would do no harm, certainly, for our

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legislators to drink deeply at the springs of infinite wisdom and base much of their legislation upon the principles there laid down. But the instant civil legislation obtrudes itself into the domain of conscience, I must emphatically and righteously rebel.

This is the first letter I have ever sent to the public prints of Toronto, and this would not have been written if I did not feel that after what was said upon the floor of the conference there is a persistent determination to treat our position as Baptists in a manner which we have not learned to relish, and do not mean to submit to. Yours, etc., B. D. THOMAS.

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Of course the Ministerial Association failed to bulldoze the Council. The aldermen are not hard to corner up, but it takes more skilful manipulation than our association of parsons is capable of, to drive them into the absurd and untenable position that the people have no right to say whether they shall have Sunday street cars or not. I always feel sorry when the ministerial brethren make themselves look absurd. There are so few good influences in this world that it is always pleasant to everyone who has any good impulses at all, to see pious men achieving the excellent ends which are no doubt very dear to them. On the other hand, it is painful to see a man walking backwards and falling over little stumbling-blocks and tumbling into muddy little ditches because they refuse to see or be warned. While believing in Sunday street cars I have not the slightest desire to urge them on other people, yet there may be in Toronto a majority who desire Sunday street cars and who have quietly suffered inconvenience. If this be so, when the vote is polled each man will know what the balance of the community desires and our municipal government must act in accordance with the wish expressed.

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Toronto, it seems to me, is too large to suspend on any day of the week the arrangements its people have made for moving about. The man who for cheapness of rent has moved into the suburbs would not have gone there had he not felt sure of a street car service on week days. He may not want to use the cars on Sunday; even if they are running, he does not have to ride on them. Men who work in offices, who do mental rather than physical labor do not suffer on account of the absence of transportation facilities on Sunday. Walking is good for them; the exercise cannot but be beneficial, yet if they have to take a wife and baby to the other side of the city to visit a relative, or let the youngsters have an hour with grandma, they should not be made to walk or hire a carriage. The man who suffers most is the one who all week works hard and who does not need physical exercise. The ordinary wage earner, the artisan to whom Sunday is a needed day of rest from toil of all sorts, may be able to walk to any point he desires to visit, yet we must not forget that we are spoiling his day of rest. Speaking in a physical way, the tired man and the tired woman should not be made to walk and till their day of rest with weariness in order to obtain that natural companionship so necessary to human happiness. If the class to which I refer does not desire Sunday street cars, newspaper men and those who toil in offices can very well do without them. The car service, instead of being hard on the horses of Toronto, will afford a day of rest to more animals and men than shall be employed. What day is so hard on the doctor's horse as Sunday? There is no car for the physician to jump on to when going to see a patient, and a doctor must leave his nag standing shivering for hours or go to see his patients on foot. When a city gets to the size that Toronto has attained we must make some arrangements for the whole people that are not absolutely desired by some of the people or perhaps even pleasing to a very respectable and well-meaning minority. If, however, the majority says that one of these arrangements is a Sunday street car service, let us have it without all this jolting and shouting.

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There has been a vast deal of correspondence in the newspapers on this Sabbatarian question. I desire again, as I often have before, to call attention to the fact that if any of the Mosaic law is still in force and is superior to the civil law, it is all in force and all of it superior to the civil law, and the penalties attached must be still proper and necessary. In Exodus xx., 9, 10, we are told:

"Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates."

This forbids every sort of labor, and if observed would banish the milkman, give a holiday to the coachman, and make it sinful for the preacher to earn his salary or drive his horse. But we know that it refers to Saturday, which was the Sabbath, and not to Sunday, and we know that the days were never transposed nor the duties of one transferred to the other. Exodus xxx., 15, provides us with the ancient penalty, and if the law be in force the penalty of its breach should be inflicted. Listen to it:

"Six days may work be done; but in the seventh is the Sabbath of rest, holy to the Lord. Whosoever doeth any work in the Sabbath day, he shall surely be put to death."

Are we prepared to accept this as superior to the civil law? If so let us take the death penalty clear through and kill off all those who do not believe with Brother Milligan. If we accept any of it we must accept the whole of it; if Sabbatarianism as preached by the majority of the Ministerial Association is correct, let us start at once putting everyone to death who fails to observe it, and first amongst the sacrifices would be the preachers themselves. Nobody would escape, for we are forbidden to have a fire or to make anybody work in the slightest degree. Nobody seriously contemplates any such enforcement of the Mosaic law; even the most strenuous advocates of it cannot logically contend for anything more than an economic measure which shall give the people one day in seven to themselves, and that day is not Sunday any more than it is Wednesday. We have had enough cant on this subject. Let us get right down to hard facts and not try to force religious law upon the people, but to exort them to maintain the economic principle of doing a certain amount of resting. Not only should they rest one day in seven, but they should rest a portion of each of the seven days. When it was the habit to work twelve and fourteen hours a day, Sunday as an economic measure was more necessary than now, when we work but nine or ten hours; it will be less necessary still when we work but eight, but it will never cease to be a necessity, for the shorter hours we have do not decrease the amount of labor but intensify it.

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Talking about work and the necessity for rest suggests the idea that wealthy people who have nothing to do, professional men who have a vast amount to do and whose work is of the sort that it cannot be laid aside like the hammer and the plane when they seek rest, are very apt to go to Europe if they can afford the time and money for such a trip. Now why is it? If it were merely the taste for visiting a foreign country our Yankee neighbors would come to Toronto and we would go to New York, Chicago, Washington. No, when we want a real rest we go to those countries where no effort is made to coerce people to be good either on Sunday or any other day. The Rhine isn't equal to the Hudson; the St. Lawrence is grander than the Danube; the hotels of Canada and the United States are superior to those of England and France; railway travel is pleasanter here than it is there, yet when we want a rest and desire to be freed from the restraints which are put upon us—not in the sense of desiring license or seeking out opportunities of secret wickedness—we want to go to the countries which impose the fewest restraints upon us.

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We may know more about governing people and making them good than is known by these old nations, yet I am very doubtful about it. The greatest despots, the greatest adventurers, those who have traded most upon the credulity and naturalness of the people may rightfully enough be considered the best judges of how to manage people. These countries are historic, and what we find there is the result of thousands of years of experiment, but we cannot disregard the lesson that this experiment should teach. We leave America, where sumptuary laws have been loaded upon the people in order to force them into righteousness, and we leave more drunkenness than can be found in countries where almost absolute liberty is given in such matters. Then what must we decide in such a matter? That our experiment of forcing people to be good is a failure, and the system of letting people do as they desire within the limits of decency and the comfort and safety of the neighborhood, is a success.

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The Roman Catholic church knows more about human nature than any other church in existence, yet while it is almost despotic in its insistence upon obedience in spiritual matters it knows right well that it dare not interfere with those things which compose, or are presumed to compose, the requisites of physical comfort and enjoyment. We may invent new systems of government, new methods of managing men, but while human nature is the same the world over it must be managed with the same appreciation of the fact that mankind will never be perfect, that physically our desires control us more than our beliefs, and that if we would lead men in any respect we must not try to lead them in every respect. There is only a certain amount that we can do in the management of ourselves; there is still less that we can do in the management of others. As a community, as a majority, it is perfectly right that the laws should be so adjusted as to keep us out of temptation, yet if we imprison a man we put him in greater danger of degradation and physical and moral and spiritual depreciation than if the man were free. The moment that we deprive a man of his liberty, no matter whether we give him religious or reformatory surroundings, we ruin his manhood, if he has any, and invite all the evils which come with slavery, whether that slavery be of a political or social or spiritual sort. We imprison people to save ourselves from their depredations and contact, not as a rule to save them. It seems strange to me that our Ministerial Association does not see this; that they do not recognize the fact that we have outgrown the idea of being forced. They may tell us, and the fact that they do tell us that we should be good and how to be good, makes this country better, makes the individual better. We recognize this, but when they try to force us then it becomes a question of liberty or slavery. In more things than Sabbatarianism, I imagine, our clerical rulers should modify their rule. If they would lead us they must be with us; if they are to benefit us we must be with them and they with us. This country and city are tired of the clericalism on horseback that would ride roughshod over the people. It is immaterial whether that sort of thing be Protestant or Catholic, it is entirely objectionable; and worst of all for Protestantism is the fact that its priests are not satisfied with telling us what we must believe, but they insist on telling us what we must do in matters which seem to us to have no reference to morality or the salvation of the soul.

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What remarkable weather we are having in Canada! With the change of season we have had scarcely a change of weather. What country could be more delightful than our own during summer, fall, and winter, as far as winter has gone? Surely the scientists are right who have been prophesying that severe cold and deep snow and the things which used to be expected every winter shall come no more, or if they come shall be the exception rather than the rule. The world even in the matter of weather seems to be re creating itself, or is being recreated. Nothing is the same as it used to be. Probably it is because we change and circumstances about us change, but nothing is the same. That the habits of the weather have changed is a scientific fact, and so good an example of the conditions of the earth's surface having undergone a transformation since mankind has mastered steam and electricity and has cut down forests and burrowed into the earth and crossed the seas, should convince us that nothing can stand in the way of any change which is the result of different conditions. Scientifically, politically, religiously, socially, the world thinks on different lines to those of a century or two ago.

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I wish you a very Happy New Year.—DON.

Social and Personal.

The grand society function this week has been the Christmas dinner. Into the details of this family gathering, the society editor prieth not. Grandfathers and grandmothers, old folks and young folks, wee tots who don't sit up so late any other night amble sleepily about the salons on th's, the child's own day, or nod heads and smile indulgently over pranks that are not tolerated at any other time. Even the servants are not so staid as usual, for their Christmas boxes have gone to their heads, or their heels, or their risibles, and they are a little flurried and very good-humored, though busy and tired. The well known dishes have been discussed, the erstwhile buxom turkey stares reproachfully through exposed ribs at his devourers; the jolly plum pudding lies low for his revenge. The flowers are fading, the day of the mistletoe is past, the air of mystery which separated the nearest and dearest, the stay of the house from the wife of his bosom, the child from the parent, the lover from his sweetheart, has passed away under the dawn and glow of Christmas day, and all the dear plans of anxious and eager weeks have been brought to a happy fruition. Christmas and Christmas dinners are over for another year, but the warm feeling of the one and the tired feeling of the other are lasting over to-day quite vividly.

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Amongst the guests at Mrs. Hagarty's tea last Saturday I noticed Mrs. Wm. Boulton, Miss Harriet Boulton, Mrs. Arthur Grasett, the Misses Greene, Mrs. D'Arcy Boulton, Miss McCutcheon, Miss Seymour, Mrs. Marks, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Mr. Heath, Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. Clarkson, Mr. and Mrs. Lemoulier, the Misses Todd, Mr. Pauw, Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin, Mr. Winterbourne, the Bishop of Algoma and Mrs. Sullivan.

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Mrs. Thomas Marks of Port Arthur is at the Arlington.

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Amongst the audience at the Evening with Chopin on Monday I noticed Mrs. Stephen Heward, the Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, the Misses Homer Dixon, Mr. Cronyn, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Yarker, Miss Langmuir, Miss Castle, Mr. Hollyer, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mrs. Clarkson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brock, Miss Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. and Miss Small, Mr. and Mrs. A. Grasett, Mr. Bridgman Simpson, the Misses Beatty, Mrs. John Cawthra.

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The marriage of Miss Burton, daughter of His Honor Judge Burton, takes place to-day. Mr. Malcolm Macpherson, formerly of Hamilton, now of Christ church, New Zealand, is the happy man. The bride, who has received numerous costly presents, will wear an exquisite wedding dress imported from England. Miss Mowat, Miss Louise Burton, Miss Greig, and little Miss Gladys Burton from Hamilton are the bridesmaids and will be attired in costumes of gray Bedford cord. Mr. R. K. Pope of Hamilton is the best man. The happy couple sail from San Francisco for New Zealand on January 7.

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Miss Carry Johnston, of Winnipeg, is staying at 76 Gerrard street east.

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Mr. Frank Denison, of Bellevue, and Miss Denison left on Monday last for a three months' visit to Italy and the south of France. They sailed direct from New York to Naples.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Finch, of Winnipeg, are spending Xmas holidays at 76 Gerrard street east.

*

Mrs. J. G. Dixon, of 81 Wilcox street, gave a pleasant progressive euchre party on Tuesday evening.

*

Miss Strachan of 98 Hazelton avenue, and Miss Farrell of Montreal have returned home after a two weeks' visit with friends in New York.

*

Miss Jessie Alexander is at present enjoying a well earned holiday in New York, after her arduous round of recitals throughout the province. She will return before the New Year.

*

Sergt.-Major Cox, of the Royal Grenadiers, and Mrs. Cox celebrated their silver wedding on Friday evening at their residence, No. 4 Denison square. They were married in London, Ont., twenty-five years ago by Rev. J. A. Dickson, of the Congregational church in that city, while the 16th regiment of British regulars, to which the sergt.-major belonged, was stationed there. A large number of beautiful and costly presents were received from Hamilton, London, Toronto, and other towns in Canada by the quarter century bride and groom who, by the way, do not look much older than their eldest daughter and certainly not old enough to be celebrating twenty-five years of married life. Mr. Cox, after having welcomed his friends to his table, stated that the silver-mounted carvers which would then be used for the first time, had been in his possession over three years, and were presented to him by the staff-sergeants of the First Jersey regiment on the eve of his departure from that island.

*

A very pleasant progressive euchre party was given by Mrs. Pope at her residence, St. George street, on Wednesday evening.

*

Miss Hixson, of Bronte, and Miss Clarence Jones, of Simcoe, have returned to the city after a delightful visit to Buffalo and New York.

*

Miss Annie Allison has returned from a stay in Buffalo.

*

Madame Le Fevre, whose graceful muse sings to golden strings, has been visiting Dr. and Mrs. Kertland, of Rosedale. This lady resides in Vancouver, B.C., but is just now in Ottawa, where she was called by the illness of her father.

*

Mr. Edmond Cowdry, of Simcoe, was in town this week.

*

Among the Christmas festivities of the week numerous pound concerts have been held. These affairs are a great aid to the several churches in providing Christmas cheer for their poorer members, and are generally very enjoyable and amusing. The entrance fee of a pound of some Christmas goody fills many a poor cupboard.

*

The marriage of Dr. Walter E. Willmott of Toronto to Miss M. E. Thorn, daughter of Rev. J. H. Thorn, was solemnized at Peterboro' yesterday by the bride's father in the Methodist parsonage of the Ashburnham church. There were present Dr. and Mrs. Willmott, father and mother of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. and Miss Magurn, Mrs. John and Miss Thorn of Toronto, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Campbell of Listowel, Rev. Joseph and Mrs. Locke, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and the Misses Stratton, and Mr. Matthews of Peterboro'. The bridesmaid was Miss Marian Scoley of Toronto, and the groomsman was Mr. W. B. Shortt of Toronto. Dr. and Mrs. Willmott will spend the honeymoon in New York and will return to make their home in Toronto.

*

The French Club met at Dr. Graham's residence last Saturday evening and much enjoyed the talk on Parisian Actors and Theaters, given by Mr. Coutellier. The club will not meet this week.

*

The National Club was the scene of a pleasant occurrence last Saturday evening, when the members of the "Our" Shooting Club were entertained at dinner by Dr. John L. Davison. An interesting feature of the evening was the presentation to Mr. A. W. Croll, secretary of the club, of a handsome Winchester repeating rifle, paddle and hunting knife, and to Mrs. Croll a beautiful onyx and silver table and statuette.

*

Miss Furby of Port Hope is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Croll of Simcoe street.

*

The smoking concert at the National Club on Monday night was one of the most delightful things of the sort ever held in Toronto. As every one knows, the National is a sort of business men's club; its members are staid in their demeanor and inclined to entertain commercial magnates and listen to papers on national development. Monday night's entertainment was not of this sort. The atmosphere was smoky; the tables in the dining-room were covered with glasses, cigar ashes and bottles, and the whole room resembled such a *cafe* as one may see while wandering along a French or German street. The songs were given with gusto; the recitations seemed to belong to the hour, and no better example of the style of entertainment and the willingness of everyone in the large crowd to assist, could be mentioned than that of a learned and popular Q. C., who using his walking stick as a flute whistled the shrill cheery notes of an air familiar to everyone's ears. The whistling was wonderfully good, but given in that atmosphere and with the general good feeling and gaiety of the hour it was simply perfect. The National may have many other smoking concerts, but it can never have a better one, and the committee are to be congratulated on bringing out the *bon camaradie* of the rather stiff-backed club. The lunch upstairs in the parlor was excellent, the service everywhere prompt and polite as it always is at the National, and taken altogether I don't know a club in the city that has made as jolly a hit for many years. Mr. John Akers occupied the chair. The committee was composed of Barlow Cumberland, president; John Akers, vice-president; A. B. Lee, vice-president; Wilm. Knox, chairman; J. M. Saunders, O. A. Howland, J. Gray Gibson, W. E. Wellington, W. K. McNaught, W. H. P. Clement, W. George Mutton, secretary.

*

The theaters are attracting fashionable crowds this week. At the Grand on Tuesday the boxes and auditorium were bright with pretty gowns on pretty women. Agnes Huntington, who is certainly a perfect woman nobly planned for stage effect, as well as a genial and gracious personage in private life, wore the beautiful gowns and graceful Spanish cloak described by La Mode last week. Among those who admired her were the Government House party, Miss Campbell, Miss Strange, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon and several others. Mr. Janes' party occupied a box, and Mrs. F. W. Gibbs and party were their neighbors, Mr. Percy Manning and party were *vis a vis*. At the Academy another fashionable audience attended, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gooderham, the Misses Gooderham, Mrs. Croll, Mr. and Mrs. W. Meredith and Mr. Anderson and party.

*

Mr. Arthur Meredith of Rosedale gave a birthday dinner party on Tuesday evening.

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

CHRISTMAS SALE

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SPECIAL prices in Gloves for the Christmas Trade.

Lined Gloves — Lacing Gloves
Derby Gloves — Biarritz Gloves
Driving Gloves — Evening Gloves

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By the Fireside.

AY little house-gowns are appreciated at their true value by the woman who understands the art of dressing, and especially in the preparation of her winter wardrobe they receive no inconsiderable amount of forethought. They need not be expensive, and may be constructed on the lines of sweet simplicity; but they must be becoming, and they offer opportunity for picturesque effects not allowable in a handsome toilet or a street costume. The house-gown possesses an element of economy also, that is a recommendation, inasmuch as it saves the street costume; it certainly is more effective in the house than a dress designed especially for street wear; and, withal, a hostess looks more "at home" in one of these dainty gowns that are too dressy for the street and not sufficiently dressy for society purposes.

*

If the materials selected be too elaborate, it is divested of its chief charm: it must be essentially a home dress. Cashmere, *crepon*, and other light-weight woolens, in light and bright colors, are especially desirable for the purpose, and are inexpensive; and black, cream, or white lace, with velvet or satin ribbon bows, will furnish all the garniture required. Or material on hand may be utilized, especially for a demi-train skirt, and a fancy waist of surah used with it. That the skirt shall be slightly demi-trained is an essential element of the gown's effectiveness; but it must not be too long. The design may be arranged to display or conceal the figure; but the *neglige* effect permissible in a morning-dress would not be tolerated in the typical house-gown.

*

Young ladies usually prefer a rather short, round waist, preferable with full effect, with the skirt full or *en fourreau*, and some sort of a girdle or sash arrangement. A charming house-gown worn by a young matron is of cashmere, a rich shade of red that lights up beautifully. The demi-train skirt is moderately close-fitting, and trimmed at the foot with three narrow bias flounces, the upper one put on in festoons and headed by narrow jet passementerie; the round waist is full, at the neck as well as at the belt, and the "mitten" sleeves have high puffs of the cashmere, and the lower parts of velvet, with deep frills of black lace falling over the hands. Over this waist is a corselet of black velvet, short on the hips and pointed back and front, with the upper edge straight around and reaching just to the fullest part of the bust, and over the shoulders are broad "suspenders" of velvet. Those and the top and bottom of the corselet are edged with jet, and the "mitten" parts of the sleeves are buttoned all the way on the inside of the arms with jet buttons. The lady is a brunette, and the effect of this costume in the bright firelight is altogether bewitching. Red, by the way, is a favorite color for house-gowns this season, but the shade should be chosen by gas light.

*

A betrothal souvenir is the correct thing at present, to be sent to the young *fiancee* by her girl friends and her female relatives and relatives-to-be, as soon as the engagement is announced; and the correct gift is a cup and saucer and spoon, as dainty and unique as it is possible to procure. One young lady who will be a bride before Easter has a most charming collection, embracing some rare and historic specimens. The families of the young people have extensive connections, and from both sides the grandmothers, mothers, sisters, cousins and aunts sent the choicest specimens from their china closets and silver safes, some of the pieces being heirlooms, and each having a history, all the particulars being sent with each gift. There are blue-sprigged cups and green-sprigged cups and garlanded cups and banded cups, cups of delicate Sevres and royal Worcester and crown Derby, cups of Delft and cups embellished with quaint scenes in pink or blue or brown, cups from many countries, and cups used by ancestors before the Boston tea-party; and the spoons are equally curious, some thin and battered, with shallow, pointed bowls and narrow, coffin-shaped handles, and others with engraved crests and quaint monograms.

*

A favorite gift this season, between intimate friends, is a piece of china decorated by the giver, and the favorite article is a comb-and-brush tray, which forms a dainty accessory of the toilet-table or dressing-bureau. An especially lovely one, intended for a wedding present, is an irregular oblong shape, of ivory-tinted china, with an inch-wide border that looks like scattered gold dust, and inside of this is a second border, representing a garland of forget-me-no's intertwined with a pink ribbon tied at intervals in true-lovers' knots. In the center is the monogram of the bride, in gold, surrounded by carelessly arranged sprays of forget-me-nots. The monogram of the giver is on the bottom of the tray. Another dainty trifle of a similar nature is a china powder jar, on the cover of which is painted a full-blown pink rose, and falling rose-petals ornament the sides.

*

Chafing dish cookery is one of the latest fads, and it is a question whether the men or the women are the more enthusiastic about it, or more successful in their culinary achievements. To be thoroughly *au fait* you must have a silver chafing-dish and other dainty silver implements, and you must have your specialty; and if you can introduce some new method or recipe for preparing a tasty dish, so will you add to your reputation. This accomplishment is practiced at small luncheons and dinners of congenial spirits, and at the *petit souper*, which is the fashionable sequel to the theater party. The implements and materials are placed before the host or hostess, who proceeds to skilfully prepare the oyster broth, or curry of lobster, or shrimps in butter, or some other appetising viand, and the enjoyment of the gustatory treat is not a little enhanced by the contemplation of jewelled fingers as they gracefully manipulate the tasty compound with the confidence and accuracy of a veritable *cordon bleu*.

*

One of the novelties of the winter is the Russian blouse of cloth or velvet belted closely and edged with fur. This new blouse is a long straight garment of simplest shape reaching almost to the knee and belted all around, or else the back may be fitted, and the front left without darts, its fulness confined by the belt giving a blouse effect. Still another model has the back falling in Watteau-like fulness, with a bias seam down the middle, tapering it narrowly at the top. A seal brown cloth dress, with bell skirt edged with mink fur, has a blouse reaching to the knee confined by a belt of the fur; a border of fur is on the lower edge, and two collars falling to the top of the sleeves are also edged with fur. A green velvet blouse, with sable belt and border, is worn with a skirt of rich brocade, while another costume has light sage green velvet for the belted blouse, with sleeves and skirt of brown cloth. In Paris bodices for the house are made in the Russian blouse fashion, of rich brocades that imitate antique stuffs in design and color, or else of thick ribbed silks of pale tints or pure white. They have a collar of white lace and a border of brown fur, which may be mink or sable, and a belt of the same, or else of woven gold or silver ribbon, with a buckle of Russian enamel of brilliant colors. LA MODE.

The School of Coquettes.

She was a bit of Edel Weiss!
On sultry, August days
She bloomed, surrounded by the ice
Of frigid, high-born ways.
Sometimes she'd flirt a little, yet
She did it with the mien
With which the royal Antoinette
Went to the guillotine.

I admired her—intensely!
She differed from the crowd:
Girls the fellows liked immensely
Seemed common; and so loud.
So, I used to sit and fan her,
When summer waned to fall,
And I strained my sweetest manner
To get a chance to call.

But she said there was "a reason"
Why I couldn't "call this year;"
Would I "come to Quogue, next season?"
Trusted she was not "severe."
This morning, on the avenue,
I saw her in a dress
Of laughing maidens, two by two;
A school girl! Well, by Jove!!!
HARRY ROMAINE.

She Was Forgiven.

Young Husband—Why, my dear, this pudding is burnt black. How did that happen?

Young Wife—I'm sure I don't know. I looked at it just before you came home and it was all right.

"But I've been home two hours."

"Dear me! I thought it was only a few minutes."

Electioneering in Iowa.

Candidate (in Iowa drug store)—Come, gentlemen, walk right up to the prescription counter. One and all, gents; it's my treat. Here, Mr. Drug Clerk, plenty of patients for ye. Now, gentlemen, name yr diseases and the clerk will mix yr medicine.

Reciprocity of Trade.

Mr. Honks (furniture)—I wish, sir, when I call at your store that you would be a little less familiar. I don't care to cultivate the acquaintance of my grocer.

Mr. Scales (the next day)—Say, Honks, that parlor suit you sent up is n. g. I want you to take it away, and when you come for it go 'round to the back door.

A Cheap Trip to the Pacific Coast.

On December 30 an excursion will be run from Toronto to the Pacific coast, via the C. P. R., and any of our readers contemplating the journey are strongly recommended to avail themselves of this splendid opportunity. The C. P. R., in arranging this excursion, have done all in their power to promote the comfort and convenience of the passenger, as a glance at the elegantly-fitted tourist sleeping cars—built specially for this service—will testify. They are furnished with a regular outfit, similar to their first-class sleeper, having upper and lower berths, which are adjustable, forming the most comfortable beds at night time and easy seats during the day. For every particular apply to W. R. CALLAWAY, 118 King street west.

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Choice evening Dress Silks and Trimmings.

Elegant WHITE FEATHER BOAS, the newest and most choice. Large range of inexpensive

Xmas Presents

222 YONGE STREET

MISS PATON, whose rooms are filled with the latest designs in street and evening costumes, has received a consignment of Paris novelties and models of handsome costumes for winter wear. Ladies will find a variety to meet every occasion, and good fit and work guaranteed.

Rooms, Golden Lion, R. Walker & Sons, 35 King Street East

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

WE'VE got the people with us, and this's the secret of our success. For twenty-five years they've tested this store and not been disappointed—a pretty good record.

Sealettes and Mantle Cloths.

Do you know a more handsome present for wife, mother or sister than a sealette mantle? An expert mantlemaker is in our employ, and will make up to order if you wish, or you can buy the material separate.

Sealettes, extra fine finish, $4 50, $5 50, $6.75.
Black Astrachan Cloths, $3 50, $4 50 $5.
Beaver Cloths, black, navy and brown, $1 25, $1.50, $1 75.
Fancy Striped Cloths, great value, 50c.

For men's and boys' pantings and suits we get credit for excellent value.

Halifax Tweeds, 25c, 35c.
Blue Serge, all wool, 30c, 35c., 40c, 50c.
Black and Colored Pantings, 50c., 75c, 85c.

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To our already extensive Millinery business we are adding **dressmaking**, which will be under the management of a first-class dressmaker, who will spare no pains to please our patrons. Entrance to Parlors by elevators.

MISS PAYNTER

Miraculous Water

IS USED FOR

Removing Pimples, Blotches, &c., and for beautifying

THE COMPLEXION

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GOODYEAR RUBBER STORE

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WATER WATER

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Also 50 cases new goods, purchased expressly for the holiday trade, in Evening Silks, Black Silk Chiffons, Flowers, Fans, Feathers, Gloves.

These goods will be sold with the others at less than half price.

New Tweeds, Remnants of Sealettes
Mourning Goods, Crapes

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Hair Dressing, Shampooing, etc., to perfection at my rooms.

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Dressmaking in all its branches at reasonable charges.

MILLINERY

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FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY

Ladies will find it an advantage to inspect our goods before purchasing elsewhere.

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Situations out of the city promptly attended to.

Ladies' work emporium in connection. Orders taken for Preserves, Confiturets, Pickles, etc. References: Lady Macpherson, Chestnut Park; Mrs. Boddy, St. Peter's Rectory, Winchester St.; Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Toronto, Rev. D. J. Macdonald, St. Rev. Bishop O'Mahoney, London, England, Agency, 124 Strand.

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MISS STEVENS

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All the Novelties in

Fashion and Fabric

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Mourning Goods IN THE Latest Style

Fans and Perfumes
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Millinery and Dressmaking

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Tea Gowns
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Style and fit guaranteed. Estimates, samples and sketches by post to customers out of town.

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STANDARD DRESS BONES

The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

Ask for Them

They are the Best

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All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants Throughout the Dominion

CONSTANCE.

By F. C. PHILIPS,

Author of "The Dean and His Daughter," "As in a Looking Glass," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER IV.

With the exception of an elder sister, and apart from her own children, Constance Armitage did not possess a single near relation. She had lost her mother during her infancy, and her father, a famous judge, had died a few months before her marriage with Cyril Armitage. Indeed, it may be doubted whether Sir Henry Fabian, a very shrewd and far seeing man, would ever have given his consent to the marriage. But, as we have seen, Constance was an orphan at the time, with no one to advise her except her sister Rebecca, and that young lady (herself already married to the eminent Queen's Counsel, Mr. Strangways), being strong in favor of the match, and Constance being desperately in love, the marriage had accordingly taken place.

Mr. Justice Fabian was fifty-two when he was made a judge, and everybody said it was a capital appointment. He had made a brilliant success at the Bar, and had saved a good deal of money. This was perhaps fortunate, as, of course, his income dropped suddenly by some few thousands a year. He had found his work at the Bar monotonous and tiring. He found his work now more monotonous and tiring than ever. He had to sit in chambers and decide points that were the very ABC of litigation. He had to sit in court and keep counsel in order, and preserve his own dignity, and preserve his own temper over disputes that were as devoid of all human nature as is a fossil of life. He felt as if he were a successful general sent with half a dozen battalions, three regiments of cavalry and a battery of artillery to capture a farm house which the farm laborers were holding with their pitchforks; or an explorer who, on returning from Thibet, or the Amazons, or equatorial Africa, is told off for two years to take soundings in the Serpentine and report the peculiarities of its bottom; or a Senior Wrangler who has to hear day after day, a more than usually dull third form stumble through the Second Book of Euclid. He had none of the pleasure out of life that other men had had. His time had never been his own. He had been to Paris once or twice, and to Mentone, and to Cairo, and to the same mechanical way as he had been to Brighton and to Scarborough. But all his real tastes and wishes had remained unfulfilled, and had died out of him. From the "wild joy of living" he had been utterly cut off. Of hunting, of shooting, of yachting, he could have told nothing. When he went down to the House of Commons he was always too tired to do more that vote steadily with his party, and now and again make a solid speech of fifteen minutes. He had never seen the Southern Sea break over a coral reef; he had never sat under the shade of palm trees, nor seen the big game fall to his own rifle. He might have been behind a counter selling calico by the yard and butter by the pound, for all the real enjoyment that life yielded to him.

Mr. Justice Fabian found himself one judge among many. He was not quite so self-assertive as were some of his legal colleagues. The daily papers occasionally took him to task. The Court of Appeal put him right vexatiously over trumpery matters of practice. The Attorney-General, whom he could remember as a junior at the Middlesex Sessions with a keen eye to dock defence, and at the Mayor's Court, where he derived for one of the leaders, was very frequently impertinent to him. It was a positive relief to him when long vacation came and he could go down to Sussex and stroll about his estate and look at his ducks and cattle and watch the progress of his trees and jolt about the roads on his weight-carrying nag.

The brightest and most cheerful time of Sir Henry's life was his school and college days, when he got the medal for Latin verse and the pewter pot for the quarter mile swimming-race, and the scholarship at Oxford, and when he took his first class in Mathematics, and played in the College eleven, and took his first-class in Greats, and entered at the Inner Temple, and got his fellowship at Balliol. Then came the drudgery of a pleader's chambers, and their interminable shelves of reports. Then he went sessions and circuit, and used to defend prisoners who had stolen eggs, or were out of their the confidence trick, or mistaken someone else's house for their own, or broken the ribs of a county constable. Then came London business with its pickings—a brougham smashed up by an omnibus; a money-lender who had exceeded his power under a bill of sale; the cook who sued the licensed victualler for breach of promise of marriage; the suburban house-holder who had got into a row with a jobbing builder over qualities of mortar; the butcher whose account had been disputed. It had been all practice, of course. But how miserable and dull and flat and unprofitable it all was! It paid, however, and young Mr. Fabian found himself making seven hundred a year, and able to give up his fellowship and marry Miss Edith Bumble, daughter of the second partner of Cobb, Dobbs, Bumble, Davis, Quicksetter, and Sharp, of the Old Jewry (Cobb had been dead for twenty years, but the name still brought clients). Mr. Fabian was not exactly intelligent, nor altogether sympathetic. But the young barrister's income leaped from seven hundred a year to a handsome total in four figures, and by the time he was forty he had taken silk.

To do him justice he had been a sound lawyer and had deserved the success which had come to him in this somewhat roundabout way. He had a clear head. He knew the law, and he could write a clear and sensible opinion. He could address a jury in lucid and ordinary English. He could talk over an intelligent judge, and he could now and again teach the judges in Banc their business. No one doubted his ability, or his energy, or his straightforwardness and courage. Nobody was astonished when he moved from Curzon street to Prince's Gate, when Mr. Fabian took to a two-horse victoria, or when he became member for the immaculate borough of Great Kiddington, or when his portrait was hung in the Royal Academy, or when he bought Hadleigh, a little estate in Essex. And yet, how dull his life had been! Consultations at nine; robing-room at ten; court at 10.30. Jury case before Mr. Baron Blunderstone in which he signalized Serjeant Proser, Q.C. Then lunch—sandwiches and some sherry from his flask. Then an argument in Banc in which—his turn—he is trounced by Serjeant Jawkins whose masterly exposition of the law with regard to ancient wills elicits compliments from the Bench and produces a profound article in the *Times* next morning. Then chambers dusty and dirty, with even the Morocco chairs and bookcases looking dingy. Consultation following upon consultation. Then a quick cab to Prince's Gate and a dull dinner; after dinner, briefs and tea and perhaps a cigar until nearly midnight. And next morning the robing-room again.

There was a pleasant side to the picture. The guineas rolled in. The banker's account took care of itself. The senior clerk wore a thick gold chain. But it was a terrible treadmill. No time to dine out. No time to read even the papers, much less current books; hardly time to keep posted up in the law reports.

Sir Henry was getting perilously near sixty, and had begun to calculate that there only remained seven years more of drudgery before he could retire on a well earned pension, when an attack of bronchitis carried him off. Constance, who found herself in possession of £20,000, went to live with her sister, Mrs. Strangways, and in less than a year from the time of her father's death, married Mr. Armitage, an old friend and distant connection of her brother-in law. We have seen what a martyrdom her married life became, and how she suddenly and unexpectedly found herself free.

Within an hour of Basil St. Quentin's departure Constance made her way to her sister's. Mrs. Strangways lived in Charges street, and was at home when Mrs. Armitage arrived.

"Good heaven! Constance, what are you doing here?" was her greeting. "I have been telegraphing to you ever since I heard the terrible news. Surely you were with Cyril when—"

"No, I was not."

"Dear me! What do you mean? How strange you look! I hope there is nothing wrong. I mean nothing worse than this catastrophe itself."

"I had better tell you everything, Rebecca." And Constance poured out her sorrow into the not unsympathetic ears of her sister. For Rebecca Strangways, though a thorough woman of the world, possessed a kind heart, and was deeply attached to her younger sister.

"This is very terrible," said Mrs. Strangways, when Constance had finished. "Very terrible indeed. I am sorry you left the house as you did. I know what the world is, and am positive that there will be a scandal about it, especially with that villain Hardstock there to spread some lying report. However, there is clearly only one thing to be done now. You must go back at once, and I will go with you. That is to say, if my husband approves."

Mr. Strangways, who that moment returned from the Temple, did approve; and the two ladies left for Greystone by the mail.

CHAPTER V.

It was nearly midnight when the sisters arrived at Greystone station. They had decided not to go to the park until the morning, but to pass the night at the Bull Hotel.

Mr. Strangways was entirely opposed to this mode of procedure, and wished his sister-in-law before starting to send a telegram to the butler announcing her arrival. But this Mrs. Armitage would not do, and thus it was not until the following morning that she and Rebecca presented themselves at the park.

Lord Hardstock met them at the door.

"Pray come in, Mrs. Armitage," he said, as though he were the master of the house. "I cannot tell you how grieved I am at this terrible business, nor can I find words to express how sorry I am for you. I am glad you have brought another lady with you."

"This is my sister. Lord Hardstock—Mrs. Strangways," said Constance, introducing Rebecca.

"Oh, yes," said his lordship, bowing. "I noticed the likeness."

"And now, Lord Hardstock, I should like to see my husband, and I wish to be alone."

"Of course. Let me take you to the room."

"No, thank you," said Constance, adding, "I should like to have a few words with you, Lord Hardstock, when I come down."

"Certainly," answered his lordship. "I, too, have a good deal to tell you." And then he conducted Mrs. Strangways to the drawing-room, while Constance went upstairs, and in a few moments, having reverently kissed the cold forehead, was praying by the coffin of the man she once so deeply loved and now felt she loved again.

Mrs. Strangways was a remarkably clever woman, and when Mrs. Strangways made up her mind to carry an object she was, as a rule, tolerably successful. Now, Mrs. Strangways object at the present time was to pump Lord Hardstock, but in this, it must be owned, she entirely failed. His lordship had made up his mind to commit himself to nothing until after his interview with Mrs. Armitage, so he parried with the dexterity of a Turkish diplomatist all the questions put to him by the curiously Rebecca, with the result that that lady knew rather less at the termination of the interview than she had at its commencement.

Presently Constance returned.

"I will leave you, dear, for a little time," said her sister, who clearly saw Mrs. Armitage and Lord Hardstock wished to be alone.

"Thank you, Rebecca. If you will go into the library I will come to you directly."

As soon as Rebecca was gone Lord Hardstock turned to Constance and said, "You will find in me a staunch ally if you will only act prudently. I can put everything right for you, and what is more I will do so if we are only friends."

"I do not understand you. But first tell me where are my children. They are not in the nursery."

"Doubtless they are out with the nurse. Anyhow, you will see them directly. But I have good deal to say to you at once. I have telegraphed for Cyril's brother and expect him this afternoon. Before his arrival it may be as well that our position towards each other should be clearly defined."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this. Gerald Armitage will doubtless accept my explanation of the events that have taken place during the last few days—events which on the face of them appear, to say the least, somewhat suspicious. Now, if it is to be peace between us, that explanation will be entirely satisfactory. But if it is to be war, why then you must not be surprised at what may happen."

"Pray speak more plainly."

"I cannot speak more plainly. At any rate I have no intention of doing so just at present. Now say which it is to be, peace or war. Peace is always preferable, believe me. War, which brings with it the direst calamities—loss of children for example—ought always to be avoided where it is possible. Oh, you had better not let it be war, Mrs. Armitage."

A vague idea crossed Constance's mind that if she did not patch up a truce with this man, she might somehow or other lose her children. For the daughter and sister-in law of two eminent lawyers she was singularly ignorant of all legal matters, or else she would have been aware that by no process known to the law could she have been deprived of their care. The poor lady felt that she would rather part with life itself than that anything of shame should come to her children, and truth to tell, she would have extended her friendship to a person even viler than Lord Hardstock if he had offered a guarantee for the two treasures. For their sake, and to pass the rest of her life with them, she would have been capable of any sacrifice. At last she said:

"I cannot see why there should be war between us, Lord Hardstock. I have no ill-feeling towards your sex, and you surely can have no wish to injure me."

"And I see no reason either. I am very glad that we are of the same opinion." When, in answer to her inquiries, Lord Hardstock told Constance the details of her husband's death and explained the preparations he had made for the funeral.

"When that is over," said he, "I shall have something to say to you—something of very great importance.

"Cannot you say it now?"

"No, I think not. I do not want to bother you at present. I care for you too well for that."

His face as he said this was filled with an expression of passion and admiration utterly loathsome to Constance, who felt that she had never hated this man so much as now.

"I think I will go to my sister," she said, and rising precipitately left the room.

"My dearest Constance—my poor girl."

Mrs. Strangways looked up in the greatest consternation as her sister flung herself into a chair and covering her face with her hands burst into tears. "You are overwrought," said she, "and I am sure it is not to be wondered at."

But Constance had fairly broken down and tears and sobs would have their way. The excitement she had gone through and the shock of her husband's death had left her weak and nerveless, and she shrank with a woman's subtle instinct of aversion and terror from the man who, though he had pledged himself to be her friend, in her inmost heart she instinctively recognized as her bitterest enemy.

And yet not even to herself could she reasonably account for her loathing and detestation, and she was more than half inclined to take herself to task for it. And while the tears coursed down Constance's cheeks, Rebecca, hearing the sound of pattering footsteps without, opened the door and in another minute the mother clasped her darlings to her arms, and little by little hope and courage stole back to her heart.

It was late the next evening when Gerald Armitage arrived. Considerably his brother's senior, there was hardly a point of resemblance between the two men. Tall, erect, and with a dignified bearing and slow, ponderous manner of speech, Gerald Armitage was apt to impress a stranger with the belief that he was callous and cold-hearted, but Constance was not deceived. The firm grasp of the hands that held her own and the kindly gray eyes bent upon her, told her that here she had a friend, and she turned away with a choking sensation in her throat.

"He must not know," she said to herself. "At all costs the story of the last night of Cyril's life must be kept from his brother."

She turned to look into Lord Hardstock's face. He met her glance significantly, and a blush, as if of shame, suffused her pale cheek.

During the first years of her married life Gerald Armitage had been in India, and beyond an occasional visit at long intervals his sister-in-law had seen little of him. Cyril had never cared much for his brother, whom he used to call a prig and a saintly hypocrite, whereas Gerald was neither one nor the other, though there is little doubt that he would have remonstrated with his brother in the severest manner had he any idea of his habitual intemperance and the lack of courtesy he displayed towards his unoffending wife. Six months ago he had married an extremely wealthy girl, whom acquaintance he had made in Calcutta, and strange to say Constance had never seen her sister-in-law, owing to the inexplicable conduct of her husband, who had forbidden her to write a letter of congratulation to Gerald or his *fiancee*. "Dolt"—"fool"—"idiot" were among the mildest of the choice epithets he bestowed upon Gerald. "What! can the madman be about to marry at his time of life?" her husband would angrily to ask, and Constance had been fairly puzzled to account for his wrath. But she was destined to be enlightened on that point before she was many hours older.

They buried Cyril Armitage in the quiet little churchyard at Greystone, and despite the troubles of her married life, Constance remembered only that he had been the lover of her youth and the father of her children, and so she mourned for him.

"My dear child," said Rebecca, as she walked into the room where Constance sat in her widow's crape, with her pretty hair hidden by a widow's cap, "my dear child, Mr. Willicombe has arrived.

"Why, where is Mr. Bolder?" said Constance, looking startled and not a little disappointed.

Now Mr. Willicombe was the junior partner in the firm, and Constance had counted on having her old friend Mr. Bolder at her side when the will should be opened and read.

"I understand that Mr. Bolder is confined to his room with gout," answered Rebecca.

Constance sighed imperceptibly. How desolate she felt, how utterly alone. It seemed to her that there was quite a little crowd in the oak library, when deadly pale but perfectly calm and composed, she walked straight into their very midst. It was raw and cold and a fire burned cheerily on the tiled hearth; on the mantelshelf was a statuette in terra-cotta of the master of Greystone, and she shivered as her eyes rested on it. This had been his room, especially his own, and impregnated with his personality. Indeed, only on rare occasions had she ventured there, and now it was hard to realize he was gone, that never again would she shrink within herself at the sound of his voice, which had power to sting her, and beneath which she cowered as a hound cowers under the lash. She had feared him; she had lived in hourly dread of his violence; and only at the present moment did the full extent of her bondage and the illegal and cruel assert itself now that she was free; and she felt that her bonds had been mercifully cut asunder.

By the big oak table, still littered with the dead man's papers, stood John Grey, of the firm of Grey, Panting, Lake & Grey, fully alive to the importance attaching to himself as solicitor to the late Mr. Armitage. In a deliberate fashion Mr. Grey proceeded to open the document and spread it out before him.

"This," said he, pompously adjusting his *pince-nez* at a right angle, "is the will of my deceased client. It was drawn up by me some eight years ago, and is, I believe, the only one in existence."

And then followed a string of meaningless words, as it seemed to Constance, hardly one of which she understood. And when the voice ceased and the paper was laid aside, she looked up in blank bewilderment into her brother-in-law's face.

"I am afraid I do not quite understand," she said, apologetically.

"Everything is left unconditionally to you for your lifetime, and to be divided between the children afterwards, and you are made sole executrix," he answered kindly.

She drew a long breath and rose from her chair. "Thank you," she said, "gentlemen; if you will excuse me I will go to my room."

Mrs. Strangways linked her arm in that of her sister, and a moment later the door closed upon them. But they were scarcely out of earshot when Lord Hardstock sprang to his feet.

"That will is not worth the paper it is written on," he cried in an aggressive tone. "Cyril Armitage had nothing to leave. Every stick and stone about the place is mortgaged up to the hilt."

"How kindly they are talking," said Constance, as the buzz of angry voices reached her in her dainty boudoir upholstered in yellow and white with Watteau panels let into the walls, and big, roomy cushioned lounges that tempted the feminine soul to idleness. I hope that they are not quarrelling."

Before she had time to say more the library door was flung open, and Lord Hardstock's voice rang out defiantly. "To not talk to me like that, Mr. Strangways, or Mr. Grey. But since my word is not sufficient for you, you shall have them. And again I tell you that Mr. Armitage died an absolute pauper."

CHAPTER VI.

"Rebecca, what are they saying?" Mrs. Strangways half rose from her seat, and then sank back again as the door opened and Gerald Armitage entered the room. He walked up to Constance, "Are you brave enough to hear bad news?" he asked with infinite gentleness.

Her heart beat so fast that she could hardly speak, but she forced a pale face with a composure she was very far from feeling. "Yes," said she, "I have gone through so much lately that a little more trouble ought scarcely to affect me."

"Well," said he, "the bare facts are these. The trustees under the settlement purchased this estate shortly after your marriage with my poor brother—half the money settled upon you having been used for that purpose. Shortly afterwards one of them, Mr. Percy Ballgon, died, and the other, Mr. Beamish, as I think most improperly, allowed Cyril to raise a mortgage of thirty thousand pounds upon it. Six months ago this mortgage was called in, whereupon I understand my brother applied to Lord Hardstock for assistance. Well, Lord Hardstock took a transfer mortgage and advanced a further sum and is now sole mortgagee."

"Lord Hardstock!" she cried. "Am I in his hands?"

Constance's face grew pale and rigid and hard and seemed to age ten years in as many seconds. "Lord Hardstock!" she repeated, mechanically. "It is not possible."

"It is a very unpleasant business altogether," said Mr. Armitage. "I was afraid that things were going wrong with Cyril, but I had not the faintest suspicion that such utter ruin was staring him in the face."

"D.d. Cyril then confide in you as to his losses?" asked Constance.

"Not altogether," he answered, "but I gathered that he was in difficulties."

"He applied to you for money? I suppose that is what you mean." The light had dawned upon her. This then was the solution of the mystery. This is the reason why no word of welcome had greeted Gerald's bride.

In all his life Gerald Armitage never found a task so hard as now when the clear blue eyes seemed to search his inmost soul and compel the truth in all its nakedness. In halting fashion he told how his brother had written to him, evidently presupposing that he had but to ask in order to have, urging his responsibilities as a married man and the father of a family, and appealing to him as a bachelor with neither ties nor encumbrances, and how he, Gerald, had answered him with the somewhat curt intimation of his own approaching marriage, and had stated that it was out of his power to assist him.

"Not a word have I heard from Greystone since then," he said, in conclusion.

"And what must you have thought of us all?" cried Constance. "I am sure that you will at least do me the common justice to believe that I never until to day had the remotest suspicion that we were living beyond our means, nor that Cyril had ever applied to you for assistance."

Mr. Armitage bowed.

"My dear Constance, after all there is your settlement, which no one can touch." Mrs. Strangways tried to glean some comfort from that fact—but this calamity was so unexpected and the blow had been sprung upon them so suddenly that for once in her clever, capable life, she was at a loss.

"I am afraid that £500 a year will not go far," said Constance. "But I suppose that I must make the best of it."

"But how has the money gone?" asked her sister, who being of a thrifty, economical turn of mind herself, but little given to expending much on either her own adornment or pleasure seeking, had been staggered at the extravagance that had come to light.

Constance shook her head. She was ignorant of the first elements of economy, but it was not poverty she feared—neither poverty nor, indeed, privation would have frightened her—it was the knowledge that the man to whom they were indebted was Lord Hardstock, that appalled and frightened her. This was but the one drop needed in her cup of shame. But she could not speak of him to Rebecca. The same feeling that sent the hot blood tingling through her cheeks kept her tongue tied. After all, what was there to tell? An

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idle compliment, a careless flattering word, such as men like Lord Hardstock scatter broadcast.

Suddenly she came to the resolution that she would see and speak with him—she would make him understand that now she was aware of the true position of affairs, she was ready to yield to him what was indeed his, and within a few minutes she stood facing him, defiant and determined.

"Lord Hardstock," she began, in a voice that, despite her utmost endeavors, would tremble a little, "within the last hour it has come to my knowledge that Constance loves you, and that I and my children are here on sufferance only."

"Constance, are you just or fair?" he asked. "In what way have I sinned? I came to the assistance of an old friend at a time when he sorely needed it, and there the obligation began and ends. Surely you cannot blame me. I did it for your sake as much as his."

"For my sake!" echoed Mrs. Armitage, drawing herself up haughtily.

"Yes," he replied. "I repeat for your sake. When I was a younger son I went through the mill myself. I have known what it has been to break into the last coin in the world, and I swore that that experience should never fall to your lot if I could help it."

"Of course I ought to be grateful."

"I expect no gratitude. I expect nothing. If you remain here that is all I ask."

"You must know that is impossible."

"Why?"

"Because I can accept no benefits at your hands."

"And again I ask why not, Constance?"

"Lord Hardstock, this is the second time you have addressed me by my Christian name. I am Constance only to my friends."

"And you refuse to count me as one?"

She was silent. The door opened and closed noiselessly. It was Mr. Armitage. Lord Hardstock bent towards her.

"A word from me would have worked terrible mischief in that quarter," he said, significantly. "I did not speak that word. Do you still feel that you owe me nothing?"

"It is the knowledge of how much I owe you, the magnitude of the debt that is crushing me." And then she went away, her arms hanging at her side, and her whole attitude one of despair; and as he watched her go he smiled—a cruel smile of triumph.

Two days later Mrs. Armitage left the home where her married life had been spent. Once she had been very happy there. She recalled those early days with a passionate regret that surprised herself, for the misery of the last four years had all but blotted it from memory. But youth is tenacious and it carried her back now to golden hours when her husband was also her lover, and when she had been well content. In a woman's Paradise sooner or later the serpent is sure to come, and the gates of Eden had closed on poor Constance only too soon. The shock of disillusion is harder to bear than the pangs of parting or even the utter desolation that death brings in its train. A woman cannot go on loving a man whose very action proclaims him selfish and contemptible. There came a time when her eyes were opened, and when she sees him as he is, and there is no resurrection for a love that has died of its own unworthiness.

Constance realized all this, and yet he had been the father of her children—she could never forget that. She did not see Lord Hardstock again. He bitterly resented her going at all, and somehow managed to enlist Mrs. Strangways' sympathies in his cause. Rebecca had never been troubled with much sentiment, and spoke her mind very plainly to her sister. But Constance was inexorable.

"I do not think I even wish to remain," she said. "I shall be happier in London, where I can see you constantly and Arthur can go to school. Quite a little house will do for myself and Ethel. I am rather surprised that you should not see things in the same light that I do."

"I think you are nourishing an antipathy to a man who would be a friend to you if you would let him," replied Rebecca.

"A woman in my position must choose her friends with great caution. I believe that Lord Hardstock is sincere in his expressions of kindly feeling towards me, but that does not alter the fact that Greystone belongs to him, and that therefore it is impossible I can ever make it my home."

"He declares he will shut it up and never come near it again," said Rebecca.

"He must please himself," answered Constance coldly; "it is a matter of supreme indifference to me."

(To be Continued.)

A Bit of Red Ribbon.

The night had been one of disaster for John Ashcroft, otherwise known as John-Behind-the-Deuce. At early lamplight he went against three kings, with a measly two-pair." Then he "bluffed on a bob-tail flush"—and lost. And so, with unvarying misfortune, had all his best-laid plans, his deep plotted schemes, his stratagems, subterfuges, knowledge of the game and of human nature, and his skill to profit by every opportunity, gone for naught. Perhaps if he had resorted to occult and surreptitious devices, the result would have been more favorable; but John Ashcroft was not that kind of a man—Johnny-Behind-the-Deuce was not that species of a gambler. Consequently, he was at last forced to understand why fortune was against him.

Long years of vacillating vicissitude, of fortuitous and unfortuitous accident, had taught him the stern lesson of circumstance. His experience had shown that, in the calculation and application of probabilities, there is no such possibility as chance. There may be an element of luck, but luck is not chance. An event is to be, or it is not to be. As between two events certain to occur, one of those events will occur before the other, and on repetition one of those events will occur oftener than the other. But which? Ah, there's the rub—which? What is to be, will be. Kismet! It is a fundamental dilemma of human destiny. It was pre-ordained that three kings should, on this occasion, oppose and prevail against two pair. It was written in the Book of Fate that he who "sat behind" a pair of nines should disbelieve and utterly reject the assumption that he who "pressed the limit," and flung his gold upon the hazard with such reckless prodigality and apparent assurance of superiority, did, in fact, hold an invincible hand. It had gone forth from the lips of pre-Delphian oracles that a "bob-tailed flush" should not bluff that particular pair of nines. But in the next deal—to morrow—environed by future contingencies and circumstances—what then? Why, three kings would win against all odds, and a bob-tail flush, properly backed with coin and nerve, would "down the biggest two pair in the deck." This is not chance, it is not luck—it is destiny. But who or what governs destiny? Who can tell? Certainly not John Ashcroft, with all his experience and alert observation. So, finally, he gave up the struggle, convinced that "it wasn't in the cards" for him that night—vaguely conscious of a classical personification familiar to his boyhood—of the fatal sisters, spinning, ever spinning, weaving the web and severing the threads.

"Hoodooed!" In a single word he expressed the sum of his weird philosophy. Hoodoo! Where do we look for the word to trace its meaning? Not in the lexicon of polite society, surely; not in the perfumed albums of the rich, surely; not in the simple annals of the honest, upright, fate-defying poor. And yet it is a word with a meaning, a vast significance—a word derived from the very depths of superstition—a word corrupted from the corruption of a faith the crassitude of which has been the wonder and the terror of the world—a faith reeking with the blood of babes and animals, sacrificed to propitiate the infernal gods of a race of slaves. Out of the gloom of African jungles it came to the dismal swamps of the New World, and was gibbered by hideous lips to the juba of capering feet in the blood-red glare of witch fires, lighted by the torch of slavery and ignorance at the altar of a horrible superstition. It is a word symphonious with the grinding of fetters and the rasping of shackles. Hoodoo!

The gambler emerged from his haunt into the silence of that darkest hour before the dawn. A tall, slender, handsome man, whose gray, thoughtful eyes lacked that furtive restlessness peculiar to the eyes of men of his vocation. He did not, in any distinctive manner, suggest the industrious *chevalier*, and he might have graced a pulpit as well as the seat of a "case-keeper" for a faro "layout." And yet this man was notorious as a cool, shrewd, skilful gamester, from Butte City to Nogales. He was familiar to the *habitues* of every gambling hell of every city, town, and lumber or mining camp, from San Francisco to Omaha. His cognomen was indicative of his methods. He was never called a "system player" at faro. His system depended upon a certain number of bets, at certain stages of the deal, "behind the deuce." Sometimes he played those bets to win and sometimes he played them to lose, according to a prescribed formula. Until within a brief period of this last discouriture, he had always been fairly successful. His winnings had, as a rule, considerably exceeded his losses. Finally, however, as he phrased it, his system "went to pieces on him." Even when he "guessed the turn," the cards "split," and the dealer "raked down" half of his chips. At poker he was equally unfortunate, and so it came to pass that he walked out into the early morning without a dollar in his pocket.

The first glimpse of dawn defined the ragged outline of the Sierras like a mighty silhouette shadowed against the impenetrable depths of space. Overhead the stars still glittered. An October frost sparkled on the house-tops, and the eager air was chill and piercing. A fitful wind crept down from the gray heights—shivering, whispering, and moaning through the pines as it passed. Ashcroft shuddered, whether from the cold or the relaxed tension of strained emotion, it matters not.

"I wonder what it means," he muttered. "I never had such a streak in my life. When will it end? Broke—dead broke."

He was silent for a moment, and, lifting his hat, he wiped the moisture from his brow.

Again he gave audible expression to his thoughts: "Not a *sou marque*, not a pleasure; but that doesn't matter much. I can recoup, I suppose, by borrowing. A gold mine wouldn't save me, though, so long as my devilish luck holds steady the way she's running now."

He crossed the narrow sidewalk and leaned against an awning post. His meditations were decidedly unpleasant. It was the worst quarter of an hour that John Ashcroft had ever spent. Presently, he stood erect and looked down the street. His long, white taper fingers moved restlessly in their nervous clasp of the awning post, until the drooping end of a red ribbon tied to the post and fluttering in the morning wind.

How trivial, sometimes, are the circumstances that contribute to the accomplishment of a destiny. The glimmer of dawn crimsoned higher in the East, and the sleeping town began to reveal itself more distinctly. The blacksmith shop across the way assumed a grim and sullen aspect in the twilight; the broad piazzas and stolid front of the big boarding-house down the railroad track began to suggest a frosty hospitality; the store signs became visibly eloquent of "slaughters in dry goods," "great reductions in groceries," "sacrifices in gents' furnishing goods," "bargains in hardware," and "meals at all hours," to say nothing of alluring announcements regarding "the best brands of wines, liquors and cigars." The tremulous wail of a locomotive whistle announcing the approach of a train from the West—so distant, as yet, that its plaintive note hardly sounded like a sigh from the heart of solitude.

The gambler, impatient of his thoughts, evidenced his annoyance by petulant action. He tore the ribbon from its fastening. Mechanically, without thought, he looked at it as he twisted it nervously between his fingers. Suddenly a deeper interest seemed to animate him—an interest induced by the bit of red ribbon. He held it up to the light and let it flutter in the wind for a moment. Then he looked curiously at the post from which he had torn it. An oath attested the importance and gravity of a surmise which this bit of red ribbon had engendered in his mind.

"This means me, of course," he sneered, as he again contemplated the shred of crimson silk. "I thought it would come," he continued; "there's too many of us in town, and the honest and law-abiding citizen is getting tired of our unwelcome presence." Then, after another silent inspection of the ribbon, he added: "Maybe it's a false alarm, though; I'll see."

He walked rapidly to another awning-post. There fluttered another bit of red ribbon. His face grew hard and defiant. Towards the next post—a ribbon as red as the others, glowing in the first beams of the sun like a trickle of blood.

"I thought so," he muttered. "The game's up."

He glanced across the street. Every post was decorated with a bit of red ribbon. Red is the symbol of danger. The locomotive whistle sounded again—nearer, more distinct, and still tremulous as with energetic appeal. John Ashcroft walked slowly down the street in bitter meditation.

"Whose fault is it? he questioned. "Whose fault is it? Mine? Perhaps. But am I worse than other men? Do I cheat, lie, steal or kill? Do I covet my neighbor's wife? No; but I strive for his gold—that is my crime; I trade on the greed of my fellow-men. So does the merchant, the shop keeper, the banker, the speculator. I don't sell myself, like the lawyer and the politician, in advocacy of a cause I know to be wrong; I am not a charlatan and an empiric, like the physician, who pretends to a wisdom he does not and can not possess; I don't trifle with the health and lives of men for the coin there is in it; I am not obscene, sordid, and grasping like the hewer of wood and drawer of water, who cries out against the oppression of the rich and would tear down the existing order to erect the fabric of a more oppressive despotism. Honest toil! It is not honest toil; it is necessity—stern, unrelenting, iron-handed necessity. Work or starve, you fools! Labor! The dignity of labor! There is no dignity in what we are compelled to do. It is slavery. But I—John Ashcroft—bred a gentleman, harming no man, exercising generous instincts whenever opportunity offers—I am a pariah, an outcast—a thing accursed of men, for which such warnings as this are flaunted at daylight, to threaten that if I do not rid the community of my presence, I must expect fatal consequences at the hands of honest, law abiding citizens, highly respected by their fellow-citizens—pillars of some church, perhaps—hypocritical adherents of some religion—who clutched the bit of red ribbon as if it were the throat of that many-headed monster—society.

He had reached the railroad track. The rails glittered in the sunlight, still wet with a light pogonip, now lifting and clinging, like a ragged shroud, to the mountain-side. Through the shifting vapors, the landscape, with its dusky hues of tar grass and tangled chaparral, looked chill and drear enough. The broad canyon twisted between steep hills, and the track, following the natural conformation, disappeared about a mile below the town. Ashcroft kept to the rails, scarcely conscious of what he was doing, so absorbed was he in his reflections.

"The old story of poor dog Tray," he mused. "I am judged by the associates I encourage and tolerate. They are about as bad as they make them, I must admit. I often wonder how some of them have managed to escape the gallows up to date. I don't know that I can blame the people who call themselves respectable, for protesting. I would kick, too, if I were respectable, I suppose. Respectability is a sure-thing game—a three-times winner. Getting found out is what clinches. I play cards for money. I am a professional gambler; but I play square. I never wronged a man in my life. I try to be open and above board in all my dealings. But that doesn't count. I am a gambler and the associate of gamblers and desperadoes—men as bad as the respectables who haven't been found out. Suppose I quit—suppose I forsake these men—and lead a new life. Why not? How thick the fog is—and the canyon's narrowing. I'll go home. Home! I have no home. Lucky for them. Home! I can see it now, and I can see their sweet faces—those two of all the world who loved me."

In memory, he stands face to face with the ghosts of the past. Once more he bids those two farewell—forever. The arms of a mother clasp him to a heart that will never swerve in its devotion, and a mother's kiss is warm on his lips, a mother's tears and a mother's prayers—what have they availed? And the other? In all his wanderings he has found none fairer. Again he holds her close, and her tearful eyes, of deepest blue, look into his; a rain her low, sweet voice whispers, "Home, Jim, I have no home. Lucky for them. Home! I can see it now, and I can see their sweet faces—those two of all the world who loved me."

We sat about the old barn floor
On heaps of straw. Above our heads
Were swinging lanterns, spluttering o'er
The piled up corn-ears, where the reds,
Deep hidden in the husky mass,
Were tickets to each ripe-lipped lass.

We strove with might and main. The "Thrid was hard luck," she laughing pile said;
Waned swiftly as the hours flew Then quickly, "Aren't those tree tops
by: Dead?"
But fortune frowned on me the while, And as from her I turned my head,
And not a red-head was mans nigh. She boxed me smartly on the ear.
I dished as toward her home I strode It glowed beneath the dear rebuff—
With Minnie down the country road. But Minnie had to cry "enough!"

R. L. Hendrick.

Are You "In the Swim?"

It is said: "You may as well be out of the world as out of the fashion."

In the West End of London, Eng., the fashionable quarter, it is not now considered "the proper thing" to wear RUBBER waterproofs.

Among the "smart" set it is looked upon as "bad form," and as much out of place for a Man to wear a RUBBER waterproof as for a Woman to wear a bustle.

When a new article suddenly springs into favor and is almost universally adopted, you may be sure it must possess extraordinary merit. "MELISSA" COATS seem to meet every requirement of Health, Comfort and Fashion, and gratify every taste. They are produced in an infinite variety of textures, patterns and styles. To any intelligent person the mere mention of the many advantages of "MELISSA" RAINPROOF GARMENTS over the old Rubber article is sufficient.

No dampness, no chills, no odor, no pulling apart at the seams. A Rainproof and Overcoat combined, with all the advantages of both.

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"No; sir."
"Boarding-house jokes!"
"No; sir."
"Church festival oyster jokes?"
"No; sir."
"I thought not. Your matter won't do. We don't want any amateur stuff here."

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

Shocked at the Evidence.

Judge—Well, officer, who is this person and what is she charged with?

Officer—Sure, it's the Magnetic Girl, your honor, and she's charged with electricity.

Misses E. & H. Johnston of 122 King street west are now offering a number of dress lengths at a great reduction. We have also a choice selection of the latest novelties in evening wear—silks, embroidered gauzes, chiffons, etc. Every lady who admires a choice, well-fitting gown should inspect our stock.

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"Hello, Central!"
"Well!"
"I want a thousand."
"I know lots of people in your fix."
"I say I want a thousand."
"So I do."
"Don't let that keep you awake nights."
"I want to know if you're going to give me a thousand."
"What for!"
"Because I want it."
"Well, if you get it before I do, ring me up."
"Are you going to give me a thousand!"
"Wouldn't a hundred do!"
"No. I want a thousand or nothing."
"Well, don't bother me if you do; I'm no savings bank."
"Will you or will you not give me what I ask for!"
"If were a man I'd hunt you up and give you something you didn't ask for."
"You are either insane or trying to be funny."
"I think the shoe is on the other foot."
"I shall ask you once more, will you give me number one thousand—Brown, Jones & Robinson!"
"Oh, you want the telephone number—one, three naughts! Why didn't you say so before!"

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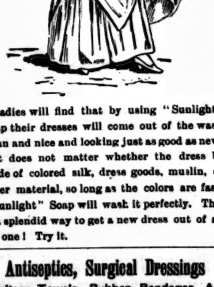

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in preventing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDM IND R. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. V] TORONTO, DEC. 26, 1891. [NO. 5

Our Own Language.

A GREAT deal is said nowadays about the usefulness of modern languages compared with other branches of study. Of the great usefulness of any study there can be no question, and a study which tends to widen our intercourse with our fellow man needs no defence. But disputatious people when pressed are apt to give our own English language some hard raps. People arguing for the study of French, for instance, describe with gusto the velocity and volubility of the Frenchman's manner of describing his feelings, and say that English is stiff and hard and unamenable to emotional expression. This first argument of nearly all students of modern languages, carried to its source means a preference for the Frenchman over the Englishman, for, as nobody needs to be told, the character of any language is identical with that of the race which speaks it. Which of us, then, prefers the pop-bottle anger of the average Frenchman to the dignified self-repression of the average Anglo-Saxon? Who admires the French extravagance of expression which necessitates an accompaniment of cheek kissing, more than the sound terms of English friendship? Few of us, unless we be such expatriated mortals as Frederick the Great, will persevere in the line of argument spoken of for more than the hollow purposes of debate.

But a far graver argument used is the charge that our language is "Mongrel." This expression, though it really means nothing detrimental to any language, tends to disrespect for our great lingual heritage; a heritage, which in fact, is the richest any race on earth has possessed. The Greeks with their land of sunlight and peerless personal beauty had a language which with all its smoothness and sweetness had not the glorious smack of the earth of our own English. We have embodied in our "mongrel" language nearly all the most expressive words of every language. We are adding to its bounteous store every day. Those who object to the use of foreign words in writing English can claim the precedent of "mongreliness." From the habit of epitomizing all that is best in spoken words of the earth has arisen the magnificent English literature, a literature which, in the seasons when it was overtaken by the disease of classicism, choked and gasped most. In the middle of the last century, when for a time writers ceased to crystalize the earthly images in trenchant phrases and hearty words, when they became enamored of the cold classicism of French writers, literature would have died of suffocation had it not been that the poets, dramatists and prose writers of the previous two centuries had epitomized so extensively as to tide literature through a century of lingual drouth.

The character of mongreliness in our language is, instead of a disgrace, that of which we have most reason to be proud. Shakespeare would be at best but a Sophocles or a Virgil if he had not been the greatest of mongrelizers. Our proneness to use slang can be traced to this characteristic, and literature has gained much and lost nothing through the habit. Of course slang may be looked at from a certain ethical standpoint which is not under consideration at present, and there are the good manners which facilitate life, to be considered in language as in aught else, so that all words intrinsically gross and vulgar must be decried, but acceptable and expressive slang should, as Howells has reiterated, be welcomed to the writer's vocabulary.

The piteous cry about "the preservation of the Queen's English," and "keeping the language pure," is false, and our language is pure enough and strong enough to quickly work itself free of what is unnatural and pinchbeck. All languages are more or less mongrel if people will use the word, and because English is most mongrel of them all it occupies its altitudinous position above all, including its chief rival, the French.

TOUCHSTONE.

Alphonse Daudet is at work on what he says will be his last novel. The creator of Tartarin, one of the master works in the gallery of fiction, has reached a degree of feebleness that hints of a speedy end of all earthly work and endeavor. He has taken to a garb of funereal black, and stoops pitiably. When he walks he advances briskly for a few steps, and then halts with a nervous suddenness, as if distrustful of his energies and eyesight. Daudet in these latter years has suffered much from ills of body, and he has continued his literary work only by the exertion of unusual will power. His sufferings have burned out much that was coarse in his face in younger days, leaving features chiselled into the fineness that one associates with an artist of such exquisite methods as is Daudet. He goes little into the world nowadays; all of his time is passed with Mme. Daudet, who writes at his dictation, and who assists him in many ways toward the completion of a work on which the past master of the story teller's craft seems to have set his heart.

It is not a question how much a man knows, but what use he can make of what he knows; not a question of what he knows; not a question of what he has acquired, and how he has been trained, but of what he is, and what he can do.—*J. G. Holland.*

The Drama.

NOTHING of special dramatic interest has appeared at the theaters this week. Comic opers, bright and joyous as befits the season, has ruled. For the first half of next week Amy Lee comes direct from the Standard Theater, New York, to the Academy, with a musical comedy entitled Euchred. New York papers have spoken many encomiums of the bright and vivacious young star. During the last half of the week the well known comedian, Tony Farrell, will appear. The Grand announces Fanny Davenport, whose recent exhausting illnesses have abated sufficiently to allow her to take the road again. Her play will be Cleopatra, which Sardou has re-written for the benefit of Shakespeare's memory.

*

The striking likeness between the beautiful Marion Manola and the gorgeous Fatima, who graces SATURDAY NIGHT'S Christmas souvenir number this season, was noticed and widely commented on by the patrons of the Academy this week.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The title of W. S. Gilbert's new operetta is Topsyturvydom.

Alexander Salvini intends to produce Ben Hur in about one week. He will present the chariot race in a realistic manner.

Martha Morton, in the Christmas *Mirror*, says: "To be a critic is to have a mind as susceptible to the shades of light and beauty as the musician's ear to the harmony of sound." We thank Miss Morton sincerely. Our readers will recollect the pretty things we said about Geoffrey Middleton, Gentleman.

The gossips on both sides of the Atlantic are whispering about an early dissolution of the professional alliance between Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. The fact that Mr. Irving has engaged Jessie Milnard and Amy Roselle as understudies for Terry, is made known. It is said that the immediate cause of the decidedly strained relations between the two principals of the Lyceum Theater, is professional jealousy. Mr. Irving is jealous of Miss Terry's popularity with the audience and Miss Terry in return is envious of Mr. Irving's success in society. The latter class has steadily refused to receive her; the former is not enthusiastic in its admiration for him. The feeling engendered by these individual disappointments is intense.

One of the company gives this account of the closing night of Abraham Lincoln in Philadelphia:—"We had been expecting the crash for some time. It was impossible to get money from the management, and none of us felt very joyful at the prospect of being out of an engagement so early in the season. In the last act of the play, where the deathbed scene occurs, a distinguished body of men are gathered around the dying President: Secretary Stanton, Secretary Chase, Secretary Wells, and Surgeon-General Barnes. The scene is a very impressive one. According to the text of the play, when the surgeon-general announces the death of the President, Secretary Chase (played by Frank Evans) raises his hands and in a voice choked with sobs exclaims: 'Now he belongs to the ages!'

"On the fatal night that witnessed a double death—that of the President and the play—Evans lifted up his hands, rolled his eyes heavenward, and in a more pathetic tone than he had ever used before, exclaimed: 'Now we belong to the agents!'"

A member of Daniel Frohman's Charity Ball Company says: "A gentleman came into the hotel at East Saginaw after the performance and was telling an acquaintance about it. He concluded his favorable criticism of the play by saying, 'There were fifteen persons on the stage, and they never skipped a word.'

"In Hannibal, Mo., I overheard an intelligent-looking man reading the programme of The Charity Ball. After the cast came a few lines announcing Daniel Frohman's attractions, E. H. Sothern, Prince and Pauper, and the Kendals. After he had read the names of the English actors, he remarked to his friend:

"'Wonder if that's the Kendal that had the Pair of Kids?'"

That observation illustrates capitally the average man's ignorance of theatrical identities. In the little world of the stage some of the inhabitants are still of importance at the thought that their names are on every one's lips. Their self-complacency would receive a shock did they realize how very little, comparatively speaking, they and their affairs occupied the public mind.

There is trouble ahead for Francis Wilson if Frederick Sidney, stage manager for Augustus Pitou, keeps his promise. It is about the title of The Lion Tamer, which Wilson's manager, A. H. Canby, announces as the next opera to be produced by Mr. Wilson at the Broadway, to which Mr. Sidney claims to hold the rights. Relentless fate is in the shape of the venue of Mr. Sidney pursued Mr. Wilson until, duck-like, he dived down in the cool depths of the sea where troubles come not. Here is Sidney's account of the incident: "I met him on the bathing float of the New Rochelle Yacht Club last summer. He was on the spring-board. I spoke to him about the matter, then, as I had heard that he intended to produce a piece called The Lion Tamer. He said that he did not know anything about the matter—to use Canby. Then he turned three somersaults and disappeared in the water. I jumped in after him, and looked around for him, both under and above water, but could find no trace of him. I imagine he got home by water. I am not as good a swimmer as he is, and that might be the reason he got away from me."

Speaking of the unsavory drama, Margaret Fleming, which cultured Boston has espoused the cause of, on account of its "truth" and "realism," the *Mirror's* critic says: "The 'realism' revealed in the progress of the five acts was sufficiently marked to satisfy the most ardent and exacting disciple of the so-called new school. An exhibition of the ceremonies following the baby's bath was only lacking in the practical application of one of the several real diapers displayed on a towel rack to the gaze of the spectator, to be absolutely authentic. At another point it was expected by the audience that Margaret would give Philip the real mustard footbath which her wifely solicitude for his health caused her to refer to, but that detail was omitted. When Margaret opened the bosom of her dress to nurse Philip's illegitimate child, the audience gasped, but the incident was more startling to the senses than dramatically impressive. Why the author did not arrange to have the suckling process fully demonstrated we cannot say. And yet, following the 'realistic' theory out to its logical sequence, that would have been not merely permissible but natural, for women do give their milk to babes, and whatever women or men do is truth, and truth, according to Ibsen, and disciple Herne, and novelist Howells, is interesting, improving and legitimate in art. Mr. Herne has not learned yet that there are many depressing features of life that can be made the subject of novels, of essays, of social science gatherings, of newspaper discussions and of legislative debate, but that many of these subjects are unsuited to dramatic treatment. When he has algested this fact Mr. Herne will devote his energies to writing pamphlets or to contributing to the *Arena*. At present, there are not enough people to sympathize with and support the dramatic theories of an earnest man who is traveling the wrong road."

Mrs. Nugent, who has been on the stage forty years, speaks of the modern methods of dressing on the stage, thusly: "A forlorn looking street waif with a tattered pinafore will come on in a bar-room scene and tell how poor she is, but all evidence of her poverty will stop at her knees, her slippers and hosiery being above criticism for neatness and style. A good-natured sailor will offer to buy a loaf of bread for her and her starving mother if she will "tip him a bit of a song or a jig." Whereupon she trips down to the footlights, nods to the leader, smiles at the audience, picks up the corners of her skirts and displays enough silk flounces to make party dresses for all of my little grandd-daughters. I will admit that the present fashion has something in its favor on the score of modesty, but it is inconsistent.

"Last season I was with a company that played an Irish drama, and a singing soubrette was engaged to play the part of a sprightly young colleen. Her father was supposed to be very poor and in one scene of the play was turned out of his house because he could not raise a small sum of money. I dressed with Miss Soubrette and on the opening night when I entered our dressing-room I was surprised to see that all of her wardrobe, skirts, stockings and dresses, was of silk.

"'Don't you think, my dear,' I asked, 'that you are rather overdressing the part?'

"'I don't care,' she replied, 'if I make a good appearance.'

"Our first old man shared my opinion and he took rather an unfair means of letting her know it that very night. During the scene where he is turned from the house he sinks in despair upon a bench and his daughter kneels at his side and exclaims with tears in her eyes:

"'Ah, father, if I could only do something to help you raise this money. I would part with my dearest treasure for your sake!'

"'Then go and sell your dresses; you are togged out like the daughter of a lord,' the old man whispered in her ear.

"Miss Soubrette was so indignant she could hardly finish the scene."

Varsity Chat.

BECAUSE the trustees will not allow the use of the main building for the conversazione, the students and their friends will not have the pleasure of enjoying themselves this year by this time honored custom, which for the present is a thing of the past.

A Grad. of '66 has written a long letter to a daily paper on our public debates, and as it is well for us to see ourselves sometimes as others see us, I quote the following extract: "But when the speeches commenced, then, ye Olympic divinities, where were ye? The subject, Should the Action of Governments be Confined to the Protection of Life and Property, was ably argued, so far as one could judge, but the buoyancy, or boyishness, of the back benches took the matter under their entire control, and the speakers on the platform seemed said something when the uproar in the rear permitted it. It certainly was remarkable how the men stood it; they should not have gone on but simply sat down. If any modern Demosthenes wishes to emulate the Greek pattern who, in order to accustom himself to the roar of a popular assembly around the Bema, went to the ocean and spoke to the thunderous surges that lashed the sounding shore, then let him go and speak to an audience at a public debate of the University Literary and Scientific Society and he will get most excellent practice. But the most wonderful thing was that, although there were two hundred or more who were exerting all their intellects to say something funny, there was not a single funny thing said, not one flash of humor, nothing but the veriest chaff; one could hear better things any day among the Arabians of the alleys. If there was any wit, it was so light and airy and buoyant and went so high that the audience could not see it. Surely all this is from the end and purpose of a public debate where old graduates and friends of the college and the students with their lady friends go, and, like knights of the modern round table, congregate

In the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.

The men in our days were boylike, but that is not boyish, and they need not be now, for intelligence and ability and culture are as great now, or greater than ever they were."

*

At a meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society a paper on The Religion of Algebraic Curves, by Prof. I. E. Martin, M.A., Royal Military College, Kingston, was read. Mr. Martin graduated in 1885 with exceptionally high honors in mathematics, and was appointed professor in the Military College over a year ago. The paper was much appreciated by the society.

At the closing exercises of Knox College for the present session it was announced that the Smith scholarship had been won by Mr. George Logie, B.A., and the Prince of Wales scholarship by Mr. H. R. Horne. An "unknown friend" has presented each of the eighteen members of the graduating class with a handsome book.

*

Miss Madge R. Robertson, M.A., the first lady who received the M.A. degree from the Varsity, has, after spending two years as a high school teacher, taken up a journalistic pen. During her undergraduate days she took the honor course in modern languages and honors in part of the work in mental and moral philosophy and civil polity.

*

At the last meeting of the Engineering Society of the School of Science, Mr. Laing, the vice-president, occupied the chair. An interesting paper on Chimney Construction, by Mr. J. R. Peddar, was read, in which the subject was treated at some length. A lively discussion followed. Mr. Laschinger deduced a lot of formulæ by which the velocity of the furnace products, the temperature of the chimney, and other important things relating to it, could be calculated. Mr. White spoke of the stability of the chimney, and showed very clearly the effects of wind pressure and the proportions with which it should be constructed to withstand the pressure. Mr. E. F. Ball made some remarks on the merits of double walls and the different ways of constructing foundations. Messrs. Lea, Anderson, and others introduced interesting points. A paper on Retracing of Old Compass Lines, by Mr. J. L. Morris, C. E., was also read. The difficulties in the way of tracing an old line were pointed out, and the various methods of overcoming these difficulties were shown very clearly.

*

After the business of the Literary and Scientific Society at the last meeting was disposed of, the Mock Parliament resumed its sitting. The debates are not conducted on Dominion or Provincial party lines. The boys call themselves Reformers or Conservatives for the sake of a name. The debate upon the Government resolution, "That the power to determine the boundaries of electoral districts be placed in the hands of the Supreme Court," was taken up. The Government was ably supported by Messrs. McCraney, Hellems, Strath and Bull; while Messrs. Phillips, Moss, Woods and Horne opposed the measure. The battery of the Opposition proved too strong for the Government, and upon a division the resolution was lost. The Government then resigned. The Conservatives will now emerge from the cool shades of Opposition and will occupy the Treasury benches.

*

The public debate between Messrs. F. E. Perrin and J. A. Cooper for the Varsity, and Messrs. Hollinger and Kellinger for McGill University, will be held on January 22nd, 1892, in the hall of the School of Practical Science. The subject for debate will be: "Resolved, that the effect of the French Revolution (1789) has been beneficial." Mr. W. P. Reeve will be the reader for the evening, and Mr. O. P. Edgar the essayist.

*

Sir Daniel Wilson, in his usual scholarly manner, delivered a public address Saturday afternoon last on Pope. Next session another series of public lectures will be delivered.

JUNIOR.

Christmas Festivities.

Modern ingenuity has wrought out many inventions, not only in the ordinary affairs of life, but in the manner of celebrating holiday festivities. The old-fashioned Christmas festival has been reconstructed, and no doubt many persons believe it to be greatly improved upon. But it is a question whether there ever can be anything better than the Christmas tree and year old Santa Claus with his white coat, big fur hat and a bundle of toys on his back.

How dear to every childish heart is the story that begins:

"'Twas the night before Christmas,
When all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse."

And the stockings hanging in a row by the chimney; what a flutter of excitement is created in the little breast when Christmas comes. However can they go to sleep with the house full of such delightful possibilities, but try as hard as they may to keep awake, the little lids will droop and cover the wondering eyes. The early bird is the happy bird the next morning, and whether the earliest wide-awake trips downstairs alone to take a peep, or wakens the whole flock, when all go scampering down together, it matters little. The excitement is simply intense. And it must be confessed that the interest in the contents of those wonderful stockings is not confined alone to the youngsters. Gray heads and wrinkled faces do not insure exemption from the interest in such precious parcels. More than one smile has appeared on the face of the grandfather or grandmother when some unusually pleasant and much-desired gift has found its way through the channels of Christmas to their hands, and more than once the head of age has been bowed and tears have fallen in silence because the expected memento has been forgotten or neglected, or has degenerated into a duty gift, which is of all giving the most unsatisfactory.

Of course, there are persons who must be reminded, but in Christmas giving it is well to assume enthusiasm even though one feels but little of it. The day, the occasion and the courtesies of the season demand it, and it may be questioned whether it is not the duty of every individual to cultivate the Christmas spirit, even though some effort is required to do so. Although there may be occasions when the most elaborate entertainment is desired, there is no way to improve upon the old ideas. Festivals may vary and circumstances may permit of more or less ceremonious management, but the simple, old fancy is much the best of all.

Perhaps one of the most interesting features of Christmas entertainments is a magic-lantern, either of scriptural subjects, something pertaining to the occasion, or pure and unadulterated fun. Possibly this idea is the more attractive, and the educational and serious might come in another shape. It may be questioned whether it is well to allow anything of an absolutely serious nature to enter into Christmas rejoicings. It has been said by persons of experience that the Christmas memory that was the dearest, and remained in the mind with the most clearness and pleasure, was that which was associated with unmixed fun and hilarity; and, indeed, there should be nothing else mingled with the Christmas joys. There are enough sadness and sombreness in the world at other times. Let us keep for Christmas good cheer, kindness of heart, gentle thoughts and innocent, even though bolsterous and frolicsome fun.

*

His Steppingstones.

How could a critic ever become famous, if there were no minor poets to flay?

*

This Blessed Day.

For Saturday Night.

Not one, but many thousand bells,
Shall fling afar their sweet-toned swells,
O'er peaceful hills and snow-clad dells,
This blessed day.

Not one, but countless choirs shall sing,
Glad anthems to the new-born King,
While green-wreath'd aisles and arches ring,
This blessed day.

Not one, but many a fire side bright
Shall cast its ruddy, glowing light,
Athwart some happy old-time sight
This blessed day.

Not one, but many a heart shall beat
With blissful throb and thrill to greet
Fond absent faces that shall meet
This blessed day.

Not one, but many a tear of joy
Shall fall when good men reason why
God sent to earth His Baby-boy.
This blessed day.

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

To One I Love.

For Saturday Night.

Ah, me! sweet friend, and art thou grown
So tired then of this poor face?
And have our joyous hours flown
Far from the heart, without a trace?

Ah, no! if thou dost see me less
It is because to see me more
Would only add a bitterness
Thou didst not give in days of yore.

We have not met a dreary while,
Maybap we shall not meet again.
And oh! thy face and sunny smile
Have left their mark in deep'ning pain.

And yet I know that thou art kind,
And when thy great and heart shall love,
Some wanderer here on earth will find
How God and man are interwove. H. ELLEN.

A Year Ago.

For Saturday Night.

'Twas a brief sweet dream while it lasted,
We tasted of Heaven that day,
But now all is over between us,
My heart's breaking, but duty is plain.

The trees in their autumnal splendor
Seem to smile at the folly of man,
And ask: Why set up these ideals?
Why give all in all to one?

But the trees may smile on for ever,
The world point the finger of scorn,
Yet this once I whisper, I love thee!
With a love as pure as true.

Still the angels may well weep in duty,
For it's hopeless, endless, and wrong,
Yet the yearning still creeps o'er me,
For the year that will never return.

So good-bye my darling, Heaven bless thee,
I hope we may meet some day,
Where all sorrow and trouble is ended;
God will not part we two then. E E

A Wraith from the Long-ago.

For Saturday Night.

Out in the fields where the snow gleams white,
Ghastly and cold in the pale moon's ray,
Somebody came through the drifts last night,
Who was it, Eula, say?
Somebody came with a silent tread,
Silent and soft through the fleecy snow,
Who was it, Eula?—My love was dead
Years and years ago.

I peered 'neath the window's crystal fringe,
Just as the sun sank low and red,
Staking the sky with his bloody tinge,
And the moon rose overhead.
Softly it rose and clear and high
Till its light gleamed pale in the wintry blue;
And then the love of my youth passed by—
Eula, dear, 'tis true.

Ah, but I thought the dream was dead!
Why should it come from the bygone years?
I pressed to the window my throbbing head,
On its crystal fall my tears.
Eula, dear, was it all a dream?
Surely I knew that fleeting form;
I watched, and peered through the silver gleam,
The soft white, flaky storm.

It is years ago since that dream was o'er,
Since I woke to my life's long, bitter pain,
But last night the snow-drifts swept the moor,
And I dreamed it all again.
Somebody came through the cold moon-light,
Over the fields where the snow lies deep;
Who was it, Eula, that came last night?
Or did I only sleep? LAURENE DARR.

Song and Wine.

(Horace's Epode, XIII.)

The sky is black; o'er land and sea
The wrathful tempest howls along;
Propitious time! o' you and me
To celebrate with wine and song!
What, ho! bring forth that jar whose age
Coincidently equals mine;
Now blow, ye blasts! ye tempests rage!
We'll mock you both with song and wine!

What grief should vex the Sabine bard
Whose heart with youth and love is strong;
Who's sleek with Arabs nectan nard,
And cooled in plenty of wine and song!
As to his pupil tall and fair,
The Centaur sung his song divine,
So I, in mockery of despair,
Repeat that praise of song and wine.

"O mortal of immortal born,
Whom lands of Assaracus wait,
Grieve not upon your fate nor mourn
The changeless caveats of fate;
For Thetis ne'er again shall bear
Your ship across the azure brine;
Nor gaily drown consuming care
With sweeter song is sweeter wine!"

ROGERS PEELE.

Yea, I Have a Goodly Heritage.

My vineyard that is mine I have to keep
Pruning for fruit the pleasant twigs and leaves.
Tend thou thy corn field; one day thou shalt reap
In joy thy ripened sheaves.

Or if thine be an orchard graft and prop
Food-bearing trees, each watered in its place:
Or if a garden, let it yield for crop
Sweet herbs and herb of grace.

But if my lot be sand, where nothing grows;
Nay, who hath said it? Tune a thankful psalm:
For though thy desert bloom not as the rose,
It yet can rear thy palm.

CHEMUNG G. ROSSITER.

Between You and Me.

HERE is a hint about a new sphere of usefulness for those young ladies who are always saying they would like to do something for the help and comfort of others, if only they knew what they would undertake. It is called the Baby Brigade, and consists of a score or more of volunteers of the female persuasion, bright, kind and clever, who promise to give up the Sunday evenings of every or every alternate week to taking charge of the household of some poor woman, that she may attend evening service. Presumably she takes her lord and master with her and the volunteer has only the babies to entertain during her absence. I can fancy nothing more humanizing, more directly kind and sensible than this inexpensive work of the Baby Brigade, and recommend it to some of those thoughtless and inconsiderate girls who pass their Sunday evenings in disturbing the devotions of their neighbors by whispering during service, or yawning over the pages of a vapid book of fiction.

Those are the very girls who could do this work successfully, for the cut-and-dried district visitor would so bore the wee victims left to her care, and the dread of her searching eyes over the Lares and Penates would be such a ceaseless apprehension to the good housemother as she thought, between her Collects, of unswept corners and unpolished knives, of how baby's socks had not been darned nor Minnie's buttons sewn on, that I am afraid a convenient toothache or cold would keep the good woman at home, the Baby Brigadier at bay. But if a careless hearty girl, evidently unused to poor folks and anxious to be of help—one who would tell fairy stories to the children and bring them popcorn and let them stroke her muff with light fingers, and touch her bangles respectfully, and whose advent would be something to anticipate and glory in, while her departure would be wailed over, should undertake this beautiful act of self-denial and service, I feel quite sure it would do good all round.

To those who think of Queen Victoria as a selfish and haughty old lady, employed in match-making, reading despatches and taking trips for her health, it is pleasant to tell of a pretty episode which happened a short time ago when Signor Lago's Italian Opera Company were bidden to Windsor to play Cavalleria Rusticana before the royal critic. First, everyone had lunch, and lunch meant everything delicious that could be devised for the delight of the inner man and woman. Then the company played their prettiest, and the Queen applauded and was much entertained. When the curtain was lowered the Queen sent for the manager and principals, and after characterizing the production as "grand," remarked that it was thirty-one years since she had heard an Italian opera, and that she had been delighted. In addition to her appreciative words the kind-hearted lady added handsome presents of a diamond bracelet, ruby pin and other jewelry to the singers and managers.

I don't know whether any of my readers will agree with me, but I think the best Christmas present one can receive is a piece of good news. That was the Christmas present which the angelic Santa Claus brought on the very first Christmas, straight down from God, and I was reminded of the fact, not by the anthems, nor the church mottoes, nor the hymns, but by the receipt of a letter just full of it. I did not enjoy it the less that I had neither part nor lot in it; the gladdery of "Eureka!" the triumphant smile of success, the happy laugh of victory over doubt and difficulty. It was only the delight of sympathy and the pleasure of feeling that one paper friend whom Lady Gay has never seen, knew her well enough to believe that such a message would be to her a welcome Christmas box. I have grown to know and admire the fine, bold, earnest writing of this young woman who has fought and won. She has written me in dark times, and I know her sun is shining only after long, cloudy days. But how it shines, now that the clouds have parted! Little sister, in that far-off busy, heartless city, where thousands are striving, not to success, I hope you are thankful, this Christmas week, and that your gracious tidings which have given me such pleasure to read, are only the first fruits of the hard work you have faithfully put in under less smiling skies.

I met a busy little lady about six o'clock the other night, and we stopped, with our arms full of Santa Claus bundles, to say a little foolish word. "Where are you going?" said she. "Why, home, of course." "So am I!" and then laughing at our absurdity, we ran for our several cars. I missed mine, and had to wait a long time for another, and while I waited, six o'clock struck, and in three minutes the busy workers of the day began their stampede. Girls and boys, women and men, streamed along the pavement from offices, shops and workrooms. And I knew that ninety-nine out of every hundred would have given me the same answer had I asked. "Why home, of course." And I thought of the different homes and seemed to see the different welcomes or no welcomes that awaited the hurrying multitudes. How that pale girl would put in her latchkey and mount wearily two or even three flights to a dark room and fumble for the matches and the gas jet or the coal oil lamp, and not a soul to cry to her, "Welcome home." Or that bouncing, striding, impetuous fellow, how he would bang open the boarding-house door and slam it shut, and bound noisily upstairs, sniffing the gusts of fried onions from the kitchen hungrily, and still never hearing a welcoming word from a living soul or receiving an attention beyond what he paid four dollars a week for. And I saw one man with a grip-sack, and I smiled to see him, for I knew of the loving little wife and the dainty daughter and the small son who were watching for him, with a tumult of eager cries and hugs and kisses, to make up for several weeks' denial, when he got home.

We are all going home, dear people, not to dark rooms and bare walls, not to lodgings where we only remain while we pay, not to unsympathetic and fault-finding companions, or to indifferent housemates. No, the home is alight with love and welcome. The Master is watching with never-tiring eyes, the doors are not locked and the supper stands ready spread. Let us look to it that we go home, and lose not our way, for in these earthly days sometimes the evenings fall early and we must go home through the dark!

LADY GAY.

Noted People.

The consulting entomologist of the Royal British Agricultural Society is a woman, Miss Ormerod.

Mrs. Christine Chaplin Brush has been very ill for many months with nervous prostration at her home in New Utrecht, Long Island. She is somewhat better now, but still not well enough to see people.

Mr. Eugene Winchet of Dayton, Ohio, is the owner of a railroad which runs through the suburbs of that city. By his orders all working-girls may ride on his cars at half-price, and working-women who carry their baskets travel free.

William J. Haines, the one hundred-and-three-year old Missourian, has served as a soldier in two wars and as an engineer on an African slave-trader. Until he was one hundred, he earned his own living. His carriage is still erect and his step firm. He lives in St. Louis.

Colonel Blanton Duncan, of Kentucky, possesses several interesting autograph letters received by him from Emperor Napoleon III. after the fall of Sedan and the exile to Chiselhurst. Colonel Duncan is one of the few men who enjoyed the French Emperor's intimate friendship.

The Duchesse de Montpensier, whose recent severe illness has been chronicled in the daily press, is the younger sister of Queen Isabella and has had a sad life. Two only of her seven children are living, and one of these, Don Antonio, is a constant grief and disappointment to her.

Of the twenty-five patents taken out by Mrs. Martinot, the inventor, five have been patented in seven countries. She is very dexterous with her tools, makes her own models, and has invented, among other things, a gas-stove, an ice-cream freezer, a steam washing-machine, and a clothes-dryer. That contradicts a frequent statement that women do not possess inventive genius.

Mrs. Potter Palmer's recent visit to New York has awakened genuine enthusiasm in the part which women are to take in the Exposition at Chicago. Mrs. Palmer's charming manner made a deep impression on the brilliant assemblage of women gathered at the house of Mrs. Richard Irwin on December 3, and New York women have already begun their arrangements to be properly represented at the fair.

Anna Katharine Green, the author of the celebrated detective story entitled The Leavenworth Case, is a woman of perhaps forty years, with a mild face of Teutonic cast, and a low, soft voice. She married an actor named Raifs, and with his assistance she has made a play out of her chief story. Some one asked her recently what was the principal delight of her life. "Perhaps you think," she replied, "that I am going to say it is the writing of detective stories. No, no, no; it's the simple sweet life at home. What is a book compared with a baby!"

Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls has lost faith in the gratitude of republics. The leisure forced upon him by his involuntary retirement from the United States Senate has given him opportunity to compare the relative advantages of a public career for glory and a private career for gain. Mr. Ingalls points out that he and Jay Gould entered active life about the same time. The latter walked into Wall street with a patent mouse-trap. He set it, and came near catching the earth. "After thirty years of untiring toil," says Ingalls, in one of his lectures, "I, on the other hand, am a statesman out of a job."

One of the wearers of the Royal Red Cross, the decoration bestowed by Queen Victoria for an act of heroism performed by a woman, is Lady Roberts, the wife of General Sir Frederick Roberts, whose fame dates back to the Sepoy mutiny. Lady Roberts is an energetic worker in promoting the efficiency of the government system of army nursing introduced by the Duke of Connaught. She also collects and distributes what is known as the "Lady Roberts Fund," by means of which nurses have been stationed in different parts of India. Lady Roberts has also established an officers' hospital at Murree.

Sister Margaret Frances, of St. Victor's Convent, near Montreal, proved herself a heroine by her courage and presence of mind in a fire that took place there recently. She had charge of a number of deaf mute pupils, who were lodged on the sixth floor of the building. The fire broke out about six in the morning, and by the time it was discovered exit by the stairway was cut off. There were no ladders and no fire-escape, but by means of a rope made of the bedclothing the sister lowered the children safely, and at length, when all were out, descended herself. She was painfully but not dangerously burned.

The recent social meeting of Sorosis was one of the most brilliant the club has known for a long while. Not only were their new quarters at Sherry's more spacious than any they had heretofore occupied, but there were also present an unusually large number of distinguished guests. Lady Henry Somerset, Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, Mrs. Isabella M. Davis, Mrs. Bishop Simpson, Madame Blouet (the wife of Max O'Rell), and the presidents of several out-of-town clubs were among the visitors. The subject was one that could not fail to be of general interest in such a gathering: "What kind of education will best fit women for the duties of life?"

An Old-Time Snowball Fight.

I am not a very ancient mariner on the sea of life. I have still more than half my voyage ahead of me if I am spared from shipwreck and other dangers of the deep, but in this age of sudden change one does not need to be gray-headed in order to have experienced revolutions in minor affairs. This story that I am about to relate occurred not many years ago; but noting the changes which have taken place in educational affairs, it seems to me as if half a century had gone since it happened. It was in a town by the sea, whose inhabitants found—many of them—their means of living in the dark waters of the Bay of Fundy. Many of them found their death, too, in those salt waters, and more remained on shore weeping for those who went away in the morning and never returned.

But to get down to my tale. In the days of which I speak I went to school in the little town of Brandy Cove—a shocking name indeed, but it was so called before its folk became prohibitionists, and by the way, it got its name in this wise.

In the rear of the town proper is a sheltered little cove, well protected by the high cliffs which overshadow it. Across the bay lies American coast. In the dark and silent hours of the night a boat would shoot out from the American shore, the oarsmen would, as noiselessly as possible, ply their oars until a suppressed "hist" announced their entry to the protecting cove. Then, very quietly, the boat would be run on shore and its occupants would noiselessly unload keg after keg of *eau de vie*, hiding them in one of the many cavities in the cliff that nature had provided for that or some other equally laudable purpose. Thus were the customs laws evaded by these intrepid smugglers, who gave Brandy Cove its name.

The Grammar School was taught by a school master direct from England. He was assisted by a second master, who was recruited from the older boys in the school and whose position was more honorary than lucrative. In those days upon the flood of free school education, there was more dignity pertaining to the Grammar School, sometimes yclept The Academy, than there is now. We were taught the history of England, but for all that we learned from that source of America, we might as well have been living in New Zealand.

Latin and Greek we were taught, and taught pretty well. Mathematics was disliked as much by the pedagogue as by the scholars, and I think he was quite as much relieved when the *pons asinorum* was safely passed as we were. In history we were instructed to hate our neighbors the Yankees, and the master when he descended to refer to the American revolution always termed that incident "the American rebellion."

Fights were of daily occurrence among the Academy scholars. There were always two boys who aspired to the high position of champion in the school, and day after day for this honor would those boys blacken each other's eyes and bleed each other's noses. I do not recollect of any one Sullivan remaining long in its undisputed possession.

Across the way from the Grammar School was the Madras School, an institution under the direction of the Church of England, for free education in primary subjects of the poor children whose parents were unable to pay the regular school fees.

The gentlemen of the Grammar School regarded the Madras scholars with a very high-bred contempt. At recess they would shout this elegant bit of verse across the street:

"The Madras rats shut up in a pen,
Only get out now and then,
And when they get out they stan' about
And look at the Academy gentlemen."

To which the "Madras rats" would retort after this vulgar fashion:

"The Academy rats against the wall
A fig of tobacco would choke them all."

Now there were other schools in town besides these. There was White's school, which was supposed to be a feeder to the Academy, but in many respects was really its superior. There was a mortal antipathy between the scholars attending these schools, and in a less open way it existed between the two masters. I remember in a course of lectures for the benefit of the town the pedagogus of the Academy lectured on Charles I., in which lecture he extolled the virtues and was silent as to the vices of that unfortunate king. The next week Mr. White lecturing on "The Iron Man," out, Carlyled Carlyle in his eulogy on Oliver Cromwell.

Now throughout this little town there were likewise a number of smaller schools besides the Academy, the Madras School and White's school, and these other schools with one accord united with White's and the Madras in a hearty dislike of the gentlemen of the Grammar School. In winter when the snow was good for snowballing, hostilities were opened. The little schools used to have fights among themselves. Combined they would have fights against White's school, but more frequently they would form an alliance offensive and defensive with White's against the Grammar School. I was very much a junior in those days, and we youngsters had a mortal dread of being waylaid on our way to the Academy by a detachment of Whitetites, and in such a case happening considered ourselves most fortunate if we escaped from a "face washing," which was considered a very degrading thing indeed. It consisted in being seized, thrown down in a snow bank and having our faces, neck and head washed with snow, without being even offered a towel with which to dry ourselves.

Among the scholars in the Grammar School at the time of which I speak, were three brothers who bore the surname of Lamb. They were great warriors and in single combat, or at the head of the entire school, inspired awe in the hearts of their opponents. Led by the three Lambs (whose name by the way was not at all indicative of their character), the Academy boys almost always came off victors in battle against the Whitetites and their allies.

Preoccupied

Hoffman Howes—Don't you feel cold, dean boy, sitting theah by the window?
Howell Gibbon—Ya-as; I guess I do. I knew theah was something the mattah with me. I suppose it must be cold.

It came to pass, however, that one winter the Whitetites found a worthy head and leader in one of their number.

He was a tall and thick youth, who worked on the paternal farm during the summer months, and in the winter cultivated his intellect, which did not seem to be in such a high state of development as his body. He possessed a red, freckled face, and a head surmounted by such a mass of fiery red hair that he was known throughout the length and breadth of Brandy Cove as Bricktop. Now, Bricktop, although a comparative Goliath in stature, was not exactly "the bravest of the brave." Any one of our Lambs was always ready to tackle him single-handed, but when Bricktop was at the head (for he more frequently was in the midst of his followers) he gave inspiration to his warriors and more or less terrified his opponents. Moreover, he would send a snowball with alarming rapidity. In the time of his greatest prowess it was related of him that so fearful was he lest one of his "thunderbolts" might knock off a head or a limb, that in war against "small fry" he would send his snowballs scurrying along the ground and thus detract from the injury they were likely to cause. I confess that in any encounters in which it was my ill-fortune to come within his range, I never found him particularly anxious about me, nor did he seem to abate his usual force in firing after my retreating figure (the youngsters always retreated before Bricktop). Another better founded rumor I think was that this scholastic giant loaded his missiles with small stones, and sometimes made them overnight so that they would be frozen hard for the morrow's encounters. This mode of warfare was considered unfair, but it was resorted to nevertheless, by unscrupulous warriors.

One day, when the snow was rapidly retreating under a hot attack of the sun, the last combat of this memorable campaign occurred. Our eldest Lamb had left school to go into the world, while No. 2 was laid up with a broken limb. No. 3 found so much work to do at home that his attendance at school (which I may say was never strictly voluntary, but rather enforced) became more than usually irregular. This particular day he was away, and we were leaderless. It was reported early in the afternoon that advantage was to be taken of our helpless plight; that Bricktop knew of our dilemma and was determined to make the best of it and effect a *coup*, which, while causing our complete defeat, would once more restore the lustre of his fame, somewhat impaired by repeated reverses. That afternoon lessons were of small account with us. One of our coming warriors, Frank Gore, in his excitement over the coming contest, so far forgot himself in his conjugation at a Latin verb, that he was bid to stay in school half an hour after its dismissal and make atonement.

This was another blow to us. The hour of Bricktop's triumph seemed ever at hand. Well! four o'clock came. We hurried and scurried out on the platform in front of the school—a small and disorganized rabble—and what was it our youthful eyes beheld? In complete possession of the Queen's highway which led to town, were entrenched Bricktop and his minions. Every Whitetite that ever attended school was there; the Madras rats were in full force; all the smaller schools were fully represented. Every boy was armed with at least a dozen snowballs.

To our excited imagination it appeared that they were all hard frozen and, perhaps, loaded besides. In the midst of this compact gang, towering head and shoulders above any other, was Bricktop. As we issued from the school house we were greeted with derisive cheers. What was to be done?

To make a hasty retreat and reach town by a back route would bring everlasting disgrace on the Academy, and even did that not prevent us from such an unworthy course of action, we all knew we would be overtaken in our retreat and severely chastised and that our faces would be made uncommonly clean. Unprepared, with our chief away and our next best man in prison, we must still fight. There was no alternative. Sandy McOlmee assumed command. He was young yet, but came from a hardy and dashing Highland race. There was no "funk" to Sandy, and we all knew he was game to the last. By this time Bricktop had caused his column to advance, and his numberless guerrillas opened on us a murderous volley of snowballs.

The intrepid Mac shouted to us youngsters to scatter around, make snowballs for the full grown warriors and do all we could to getting in chance shots. So we advanced to meet the foe. We had the great advantage of being in line, while the enemy was in column. Bricktop had blundered. Every snowball we threw hit somebody, while we escaped more frequently. Snowball fights are like all other fights. For every ball that takes you expect a dozen to miss, and the line has the advantage over the column.

We began to make a good impression. The enemy did not advance. Soon the renowned Bricktop saw his mistake. He ordered his men to scatter, but they were braver together than apart. His military command was not well obeyed, nor the manœuvre well executed. Yet we were getting sadly punished. I recollect hiding behind a big rock and making snowballs for the elder chaps. Now and then I would throw one into the enemy's ranks. Shall I ever forget the joy I experienced when good hard one hit Bricktop square in the face! His anger was terrible to witness, and had he known that it was my arm that threw that ball, a dire punishment would have been mine. I had not much time to boast. In half a minute I was knocked down and my face washed, up and down again, battered around, eyes already turning black and the crimson tide running from my nose.

The force of numbers was commencing to tell on us. Sandy was in the midst of the fray, keeping up a hand to hand combat with the enemy's Goliath. He was doing his best, and so were we all, but the odds were not less than three to one and it looked as if we must get the worst of it. Suddenly there was a yell of triumph from some of our boys. Coming across the field, throwing snowballs with charming effect as he came, was Dick Lamb. It was Blucher come to Wellington's help. In a moment Dick was over the fence and into the fray. The enemy was discomforted. We were imbued with fresh courage. Bricktop looked and felt dismayed. However, he made an attempt to hold his ground, but to no use. His younger allies, who knew Dick Lamb of old, and the vengeance which he visited on his foes, deserted one by one. In vain did Bricktop call for more snowballs. His hour had come. Deserted by his forces, hard pressed by his enemies, capitulation might well have suggested itself. But it was a conflict in which quarter was neither given nor asked. His salvation from a thorough face washing was only secured by the adroitness of his retreat, which found him at last in the Front street, which was neutral territory and where war was not tolerated. So ended this great snowball fight. The school system now in vogue does not allow of any such affairs. Fights of all kinds are severely prohibited, and I wonder if the boys are as manly and independent as when these mimic battles were of daily occurrence.

T. C. L. KITCHUM.

Enjoying Christmas Gifts.

"I have taken a resolution," said a sensible woman, the other day, as she laid the contents of a number of boxes on the table and proceeded to sort them. "Just look here. What an endless amount of pretty Christmas toys I have accumulated. These have been coming in from my intimate friends for years and years. I have been so fond of them that I wasn't willing to see them used up and destroyed, so I have just hoarded them, miser like. Many of them are entirely out of date; others have grown yellow and dingy by keeping; and the whole lot has lost its charm of freshness and beauty. Now, as I have said before, I've taken a resolution, and it is: never to do this any more. I'm going to use whatever Christmas things I get in the future, and I will use them at once. I got a very sharp lesson on this subject the other day, and one that I shall not be likely to forget. I went to visit at the house of friends, and while there, there was occasion for clearing out a room occupied by a member of the family lately deceased. This lady had been quite popular, and was always the recipient of a great variety of holiday gifts. She treasured them very carefully, and I think I saw what probably was the accumulation of half a score of years, possibly more. I couldn't help wondering what she would have said had she seen the little tokens and mementos that she had prized distributed among a lot of careless, thoughtless children. They were the merest trifles, many of them having no value except association. The family did not know the source from which many of them came; therefore, they represented to them only a certain portion of the possessions of their friend.

"I wondered what story attached to a tiny pin cushion in the form of a tomato which was made out of red felt, and trimmed with a little rosette of ribbon. Whatever the origin, it came to a speedy and untimely end at the hands of a six-year-old child, who almost immediately fell down in the mud, face, hands, tomato and all. A pen-wiper, made of bits of old-time-looking bits of silk, was a few hours later in the hands of the baby, and was chewed to a fringe beyond any hope of restoration or recognition. I knew that the former owner had kept these things from some very tenderly cherished recollections, but, of course, these perished with her, and the things meant nothing whatever to any one else, except as playthings.

"I thought of my own hoarded treasures, and wondered with a little bit of heartache whose children would chew them and roll with them in the mud, in case of my untimely taking off, and I then and there resolved to enjoy and use and benefit by whatever little gifts I valued on account of their association. Hoarding is poor business at the best, and can only be approved of if there is a definite object in view. One may keep treasures out of sight and out of dust and away from destruction, if a temporary residence in some unsuitable place makes this course desirable, but to hoard for the sake of hoarding, and never to bring out or to use the pretty treasures with which so many homes abound, is little short of a sin. To enjoy the possession of such articles as they come into hand is by far the wisest way, for they are nothing to others when the immediate ownership has ceased."

THE CLOAK.

(From the Russian of Nikolai Gogol.)

CHAPTER III.

DEATH AND AFTER!

Akakiy Akakievitch ran home in complete disorder; his hair, which grew very thinly upon his temples and the back of his head, wholly disordered; his body, arms, and legs covered with snow. The old woman who was mistress of his lodgings, on hearing a terrible knocking, sprang hastily from her bed, and, with only one shoe on her foot, ran to the door, but when she had opened it, she fell back on beholding Akakiy Akakievitch in such a state. When he told her about the affair he shrugged his hands, and said that he must go straight to the district chief of police, for his subordinate would turn up his nose, promise nothing, and make the matter there. The very best thing to do, therefore, would be to go to the district chief, whom she knew, because Finnish Anna, her former cook, was now nursing at his house. She often saw him passing the house; and he was at church every Sunday, praying, but at the same time gazing cheerfully at everybody; so that he must be a good man, judging from all appearances. Having listened to this opinion, Akakiy Akakievitch betook himself sadly to his room; and how he spent the night there, any one who can put himself in another's place may readily imagine.

Early in the morning he presented himself at the district chief's; but was told that this official was asleep. He went again at ten and was again informed that he was asleep; at eleven, and they said: "The superintendent is not at home;" at dinner time, and the clerks in the ante-room were not willing to admit any more, and insisted upon knowing his business. So that at last, for once in his life, Akakiy Akakievitch felt an inclination to show some spirit, and said curtly that he must see the chief in person; that they ought not to presume to refuse him entrance; that he came from the department of justice, and that when he complained of them, they would see.

The clerks dared make no reply to this, and one of them went to call the chief, who listened to the strange story of the theft of the coat. Instead of directing his attention to the principal points of the matter, he began to question Akakiy Akakievitch as to why he going home so late? Was he in the habit of doing so, or had he been to some disorderly house? So that Akakiy Akakievitch got thoroughly confused, and left him without knowing whether the affair of his cloak was in proper train or not.

All that day, for the first time in his life, he never went near the department. The next day he made his appearance, very pale, and in his old cape, which had become even more shabby. The news of the robbery of the cloak touched many, although there were some officials present who never lost an opportunity even such a one as the present, of ridiculing Akakiy Akakievitch. They decided to make a collection for him on the spot, but the officials had already spent a great deal in subscribing for the director's portrait, and for some book, at the suggestion of the head of that division, who was a friend of the author, and so the sum was trifling.

One of them, moved to pity, resolved to help Akakiy Akakievitch with some good advice at least, and told him that he ought not to go to the police, for although it might happen that a police officer, wishing to win the approval of his superiors, might hunt up the cloak by some means, still, his cloak would remain in the possession of the police if he did not offer legal proof that it belonged to him. The best thing for him, therefore, would be to apply to a certain prominent personage; since this personage, by entering into relations with the proper persons, could greatly expedite the matter.

As there was nothing else to be done, Akakiy Akakievitch decided to go to a prominent personage. What was the exact official position of the prominent personage, remains unknown to this day. The reader must know that the prominent personage had but recently become a prominent personage, having up to that time been only an insignificant person. Moreover, his present position was not considered prominent in comparison with others still more so. But there is always a circle of people to whom what is insignificant in the eyes of others, is important enough. Moreover, he strove to increase his importance by sundry devices; for instance, he managed to have the inferior officials meet him on the stair case when he entered upon his service; no one was to presume to come directly to him, but the strictest etiquette must be observed; the collegiate recorder must make a report to the government secretary, the government secretary to the titular councillor, or whatever other man was proper, and all business must come before him in this manner. In Holy Russia, all is thus contaminated with the love of imitation; every man imitates and copies his superior. They even say that a certain titular councillor, when promoted to the head of some small separate room, immediately partitioned off a private room for himself, called it the audience chamber, and posted at the door a lackey with red collar and braid, who grasped the handle of the door, and opened to all comers; though the audience chamber would hardly hold an ordinary writing table.

The manners and customs of the prominent personage were grand and imposing, but rather exaggerated. The main foundation of his system was strictness. "Strictness, strictness, and always strictness!" he generally said; and at the last word he looked significantly into the face of the person to whom he spoke. But there was no necessity for this, for the half-score of subordinates, who formed the entire force of the office, were properly afraid; on catching sight of him afar off, they left their work, and waited, drawn up in line, until he had passed through the room. His ordinary converse with his inferiors smacked of sternness, and consisted chiefly of three phrases: "How dare you?" "Do you know whom you are speaking to?" "Do you realize who stands before you?"

Otherwise he was a very kind-hearted man, good to his comrades, and ready to oblige; but the rank of general threw him completely off his balance. On receiving an order of that rank, he became confused, lost his way, as it were, and never knew what to do. If he chanced to be among his equals, he was still a very nice kind of man, a very good fellow in many respects, and not stupid; but the very moment that he found himself in the society of people but one rank lower than himself, he became silent; and his situation aroused sympathy, the more so, as he felt himself that he might have been making an incomparably better use of his time. In his eyes there was sometimes visible a desire to join some interesting conversation or group; but he was kept back by the thought, that it might not be a very great condescension on his part? Would it not be familiar? and would he not thereby lose his importance? And in consequence of such reflections, he always remained in the same dumb state, uttering from time to time a few monosyllabic sounds, and thus earning the name of the most wearisome of men.

To this prominent personage, Akakiy Akakievitch presented himself, and this at the most unfavorable time, for himself, though opportune for the prominent personage. The prominent personage was in his cabinet, conversing very gaily with an old acquaintance and companion of his childhood, whom he had not seen for several years, and who had just arrived, when it was announced to him that a person named Bashmachkin had come. He asked abruptly, "Who is he?" "Some official," he was informed. "Ah, he can wait! this is no time for him to call," said the important man.

It must be remarked here that the important man lied outrageously: he had said all he had to say to his friend long before; and the conversation had been interspersed for some time with very long pauses, during which they merely slapped each other on the leg and said, "You think so, Ivan Abramovitch!" "Just so, Stepan Varlamovitch!" Nevertheless, he ordered that the official should be kept waiting, in order to show his friend, a man who had been in the service for a long time, but had lived at home in the country, how long officials had to wait in his ante-room.

At length, having satisfied himself completely out, and more than that, having had his fill of pauses, and smoked a cigar in a very comfortable arm chair with a reclining back, he suddenly seemed to recollect and said to his secretary who stood by the door with papers of reports, "So it seems that there is a tchinovnik waiting to see me. Tell him that he may come in." On perceiving Akakiy Akakievitch's modest mien, and his worn undress uniform, he turned abruptly to him and said, "What do you want?" in a curt hard voice, which he had practiced in his room in private, and before the looking-glass, for a whole week before being raised to the present rank.

Akakiy Akakievitch, who was already imbued with a due amount of fear, became somewhat confused at this and felt as tongue would permit, explained, with a rather more frequent addition than usual of the word "that," that his cloak was quite new, and has been stolen in the most inhuman manner; that he had applied to him in order that he might in some way, by his intermediation, that he might enter into correspondence with the chief of police and find the cloak.

For some inexplicable reason this conduct seemed familiar to the prominent personage. "What, my dear sir!" he said abruptly. "Are you not acquainted with etiquette? Where have you come from? Don't you know how such matters are managed? You should first have entered a complaint about this at the court below; it would have gone to the head of the department, then to the chief of the division, then it would have been handed over to the secretary and the secretary would have given it to me, and so on."

"But, your excellency," said Akakiy Akakievitch, trying to collect his small handful of wits and conscious at the same time that he was perspiring terribly, "I, your excellency—presumed to trouble you because secretaries—are an untrustworthy race."

"What, what, what?" said the important personage. "Where did you get such courage? Where did you get such ideas? What impudence toward their chiefs and superiors has spread among the young generation!" The prominent personage apparently had not observed that Akakiy Akakievitch was already in the neighborhood of fifty; if he could be called young, it must have been in comparison with someone who was seventy. "Do you know to whom you speak? Do you realize who stands before you? Do you realize it? Do you realize it? I ask you!" Then he stamped his foot and raised his voice to such a pitch that it would have frightened even a different man from Akakiy Akakievitch.

Akakiy Akakievitch's senses failed him; he staggered, trembled in every limb, and if the porters had not run in to support him would have fallen to the floor. They carried him out insensible. But the prominent personage, pleased that his words had been so emphatic in his expectations, and quite intoxicated with the thought that his word could even deprive a man of his senses, glanced sideways at his friend in order to see how he looked upon this, and perceived, not without satisfaction, that his friend was in a most uneasy frame of mind, and even beginning, on his part, to feel a trifle frightened.

Akakiy Akakievitch could not remember how he descended the stairs and got into the street. He felt neither his hands nor his feet. Never in his life had he been so rated by any high official, let alone a strange one. He went staggering on through the snowstorm, which was blowing in the streets, with his mouth wide open; the wind, in S. Petersburg fashion, darted upon him from all quarters, and down every cross street. In a twinkling it had blown a quinsy into his throat, and he reached home unable to utter a word. He throat was swollen, and he lay down on his bed. So powerful is sometimes a good scolding!

The next day a violent fever showed itself. Thanks to the generous assistance of the St. Petersburg climate, the malady progressed more rapidly than could have been expected; and when the doctor arrived he found, on feeling the sick man's pulse, that there was nothing to be done, except to prescribe a fomentation, so that the patient might not be left entirely without the beneficent aid of medicine; but at the same time he predicted his end in thirty-six hours. After this he turned to the landlady and said, "And as for you, don't waste your time on him; order his pine coffin now, for an oak one will be too expensive for him." Did Akakiy Akakievitch hear these fatal words and if he heard them, did they produce any overwhelming effect upon him? Did he lament the bitterness of his life? We know not, for he remained in the same condition. Visions incessantly appeared to him, each stranger than the other. Now he saw Petrovitch and imposing, but rather tipsy, and was traps for robbers who seemed to him to be always under the bed; and cried every moment to the landlady to pull one of them out of the bed under his coverlet. Then he inquired why his old mantle hung before him when he had a new cloak. Next he fancied that he was standing before the entire person, listening to a thorough setting down and saying, "Forgive me, your excellency!" but at last he began to curse, uttering the most horrible words, so that his aged landlady crossed herself, never in her life having heard anything of the kind from him, for he was, as those words followed directly after the words "your excellency." Later on he talked utter nonsense, of which nothing could be made: all that was evident being that his incoherent words and thoughts hovered ever about one thing, his cloak.

At length poor Akakiy Akakievitch breathed his last. They sealed up neither his room nor his effects, because, in the first place, there were no heirs, and, in the second, there was very little to inherit: beyond a bundle of goose quills, a quire of white official paper, three pairs of socks, two or three buttons which had burst off his pantaloons, and the mantle already known to the reader. To whom all this fell, God knows. I confess that the person who bore this tale took no interest in the matter. They carried Akakiy Akakievitch out and buried him.

And St. Petersburg was left without Akakiy Akakievitch, as though he had never lived there. A being disappeared, who was protected by none, dear to none, interesting to none, and who never even attracted to himself the attention of those students of human nature, who omit no opportunity of thrusting a pin into a cockroach, in order to examine it under the microscope; a being who bore meekly the jibes of the department, and went to his grave without having accomplished aught deed, but to whom, nevertheless, at the close of his life, appeared a bright visitant in the form of a cloak, which momentarily cheered his poor life, and upon whom, thereafter, an intolerable misfortune descended, just as it descends upon the heads of the mighty of this world!

Several days after his death the porter was sent from the department to his lodgings with an order for him to present himself there immediately, the chief commanding it. But the porter had to return unsuccessful, with the answer that he could not come, and to the question "Why?" replied, "Well, because he is dead; he was buried four days ago." In this manner they did hear of Akakiy Akakievitch's death at the department, and the next day a new official sat in his place, with a handwriting by no means so upright, but more inclined and slanting.

But who could have imagined that this was not really the end of Akakiy Akakievitch, that he was destined to raise a commotion after death, as if in compensation for his utterly insignificant life? But so it happened, and our poor story unexpectedly gains a fantastic ending.

A rumor suddenly spread through St. Petersburg, that a dead man had taken to appearing in the Kalinkin bridge every night, at night, in the form of a tchinovnik seeking a stolen cloak, and that, under the pretext of its being the stolen cloak, he dragged, without regard to rank or calling, everyone's cloak from his shoulders, be it cat-skin, beaver, fox, bear, sable; in a word, every sort of fur and skin which men adopted for their covering. One of the department officials saw the dead man with his own eyes, and immediately recognized in him Akakiy Akakievitch. This, however, inspired him with such terror that he ran off with all his might, and therefore did not scan the former closely, but only saw how the latter threatened him from afar with his finger. Constant complaints poured in from all quarters, of those who were exposed to the danger of a cold, on account of the frequent dragging off of their cloaks.

Arrangements were made by the police to catch the corpse, alive or dead, at any cost, and punish him as an example to others, in the most severe manner. In this they nearly succeeded; for a watchman on duty near Kirushkin Alley, caught the corpse by the collar on the very scene of his evil deeds, when attempting to pull off the lining of a fur lined musquerade. Having seized him by the collar, he summoned, with a shout, two of his comrades, whom he enjoined to hold him fast, while he himself felt for a moment in his boot, in order to draw out his snuff box and refresh his frozen nose. But the snuff was of a sort which even a corpse could not endure. The watchman having closed his right nostril with his finger, had no sooner succeeded in holding half a handful up to the left one, than the corpse sneezed so violently that he completely filled the eyes of all three. While they raised their hands to wipe them, the dead man vanished completely, so that they positively did not know whether they had actually had him in their grip at all. Thereafter the watchman maintained that they even had to do with one who were afraid even to seize the living, and only screamed from a distance, "Hey, there! go your way!" So the dead tchinovnik began to appear, even beyond the Kalinkin Bridge, causing no little terror to all timid people.

But we totally neglected that certain prominent personage, who may really be considered as the cause of the fantastic turn taken by this true history. First of all, justice compels us to say that after the departure of poor, annihilated Akakiy Akakievitch, he felt something like remorse. Suffering was unpleasant to him, for his heart was accessible to many good impulses, in spite of the fact that his rank often prevented his showing his true self. As soon as his friend had left his cabinet he began to think about poor Akakiy Akakievitch. And from that day forth poor Akakiy Akakievitch, who could not bear up under an official reprimand, recurred to his mind almost every day. The thought troubled him to such an extent that a week later he even resolved to send an official to him, to learn whether he really could assist him; and when it was reported to him that Akakiy Akakievitch had died suddenly of fever, he was startled, hearkened to the reproaches of his conscience, and was out of sorts for the whole day.

Wishing to divert his mind in some way and drive away the disagreeable impression, he set out that evening for one of his friend's houses, where he found quite a large party assembled. What was better, nearly everyone was of the same rank as himself, so that he need not feel in the least constrained. This had a marvellous effect upon his mental state. He grew expansive, made himself agreeable in conversation; in short, he passed a delightful evening. After supper he drank a couple of glasses of champagne—not a bad recipe for cheerfulness, as everyone knows. The champagne inclined him to various adventures, and he determined not to return home, but to go and see a certain well known lady of German extraction, Karolina Ivanovna, a lady, it appears, with whom he was on a very friendly footing.

It must be remembered that the prominent personage was no longer a young man, but a good husband and respected father of a family. Two sons, one of whom was already in the service, and a good-looking, sixteen-year-old daughter, with a rather *retrousse* but pretty little nose, came every morning to kiss his hand and say, "*Bon jour*, papa." His wife, still fresh and good-looking woman, first gave him her hand to kiss, and then, reversing the procedure, kissed his. But the prominent personage, family and friends perfectly satisfied in relations, considered it stylish to have a friend in another quarter of the city. This friend was scarcely prettier or younger than his wife; but there are such puzzles in the world, and it is not our place to judge them. So the important personage descended the stairs, stepped into his sledge, drawled to the coachman, "Karolina Ivanovna's," and, wrapping himself luxuriously in his warm cloak, found himself in that delightful frame of mind than which a coachman can conceive nothing better, namely, when you think of nothing yourself, yet when the pleasures of life crowd to your door of their own accord, each more agreeable than the other, giving you no trouble either to drive them away or to seek them. Fully satisfied, he recalled all the gay features of the evening just passed, and all the *mots* which had made the little circle laugh. Many of them he repeated to a low voice, and found them just as funny as before; so it is not surprising that he should laugh heartily at them. Occasionally, however, he was interrupted by gusts of wind, which, coming suddenly, God knows whence or why, cut his face, drove masses of snow into it, filled out his cloak collar like a sail, so suddenly blew it over his head with supernatural force, and thus caused him constant trouble to disentangle himself.

Suddenly the important personage felt some one clutch him firmly by the collar. Turning round, he perceived a man of short stature, in an old, worn uniform, and recognized, not without terror, Akakiy Akakievitch. The official's face was white as snow, and looked just like a corpse's. But the horror of the important personage transcended all bounds when he saw the dead man's mouth open, and, with a terrible odor of the grave, gave vent to the following remark: "Ah, here you do at last! I have you, that—by the collar! I need your cloak; you took no trouble about mine, and reprimanded me; so now give up your own."

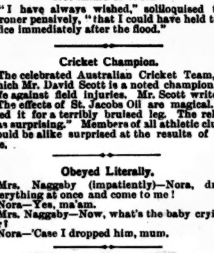
The pallid prominent personage almost died of fright. Brave as he was in the office and in the presence of his inferiors generally, and, though, at the sight of his manly form and appearance, every one said, "Ugh! how much character he has!" at this moment he many possessed of an heroic exterior, experienced such terror, that, not without cause, he began to fear an attack of illness. He threw his cloak hastily from his shoulders and shouted to his coachman in an unnatural voice, "Home as fast as you can!" The coachman, hearing the tone which is generally employed at critical moments, and even accompanied by something much more tangible, drew his head down between his shoulders in case of an emergency, flourished his whip, and flew on like an arrow. In a little more than six minutes the prominent personage was at the entrance of his own house. Pale, thoroughly scared and cloakless, he went home instead of to Karolina Ivanovna, reached his room somehow or other, and passed the night in the direst distress; so that the next morning over their tea his daughter said, "You are very pale to-day, papa." But papa remained silent, and said not a word to anyone of what had happened to him, where he had been, or where he had intended to go.

This occurrence made a deep impression upon him. He even began to say: "How dare you? do you realize who stands before you?" was frequently to the under officials, and, if he did utter the words, it was only after first having learned the bearings of the matter. But the most worthy point was, that from that day forward the apparition of the dead tchinovnik ceased to be seen. Evidently the prominent personage's cloak just fitted his shoulders; at all events, no more instances of his dragging cloaks from people's shoulders were heard of. But many active and apprehensive persons could by no means reassure themselves, and asserted that the dead tchinovnik still showed himself in distant parts of the city.

In fact, one watchman in Kolomna saw with his own eyes the apparition come from behind a house. But being rather weak of body, he dared not arrest him, but followed him in the dark, until, at length, the apparition looked round, paused, and inquired, "What do you want?" at the same time showing such a fist as is never met with in living times. The watchman said, "It's of no consequence," and turned back instantly. But the apparition was much too tall, wore huge moustaches, and, directing its steps apparently toward the Obukhoff Bridge, disappeared in the darkness of the night.

THE END.

"The Soldier's Martial Breast."



Not Afraid of Work?

"I have always wished," soliloquized the coroner pensively, "that I could have held this office immediately after the flood."

Cricket Champion.

The celebrated Australian Cricket Team, of which Mr. David Scott is a noted champion, is safe against field injuries. Mr. Scott writes: "The effects of St. Jacobs Oil are magical. I used it for a terribly bruised leg. The relief was surprising." Members of all athletic clubs would be alike surprised at the results of its use.

Obeyed Literally.

Mrs. Naggaby (impatiently)—Nora, drop everything at once and come to me!

Nora—Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Naggaby—Now, what's the baby crying for?

Nora—'Cause I dropped him, mum.

"Lessive Phenix"—That's what you ask for. It is not an ordinary washing powder. It is a thousand times more effectual. One pound of it takes the place of five pounds of soda. There is no harsh chemical in it to destroy the hands. It is the delight of the housewife, because not only is it an indispensible aid in washing, but it will clean almost everything—pictures glassware, baths, closets, tinware, copper, etc. Ask your grocer for Lessive Phenix.

Youthful Finesse.

"Papa," remarked a Third street small boy at supper one evening recently, "I saw Johnny Barker with a whole silver dollar to-day."

"Where did he get it?" inquired the father.

"Why, papa, he said his papa give it to him. Don't you think that was a big lot of money for a little boy to have?"

"Altogether too much, I think."

"That's just what I told him, papa, but he said it suited him pretty well and he was going to get another next week."

The boy waited a minute for a paternal response; but it didn't come.

"I say, papa," he continued, "do you think ten cents is too much for a boy to have?"

"Why, no. That would be reasonable enough."

"That's what I told Johnny, papa, and he asked me why I didn't have it then, and I told him I'd ask you about it and see."

The father responded this time by forking over a dime.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WASH ANYTHING EVERYTHING

You or your family have with

SURPRISE SOAP

No matter how dirty the wash "Surprise" will make it sweet and clean. All kinds of clothing—white or colored equally well washed. Not only for clothes, but for cleaning everything about the house 'tis good.

Oleans economically
Oleans with less work
Oleans clean

THE "DAYLIGHT"

FRANK S. TAGGART & CO., 89 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO, have flashed "The Daylight" on the value and prices of Watches, Clocks, Diamonds, Jewellery Silver Table Ware, Art Goods, Guns, Arms, Ammunition and Sportsmen's Supplies. All goods are marked in plain figures, no discrimination in sales. The public are respectfully invited to visit our show rooms and inspect stock of new goods recently purchased in the best markets.

FRANK S. TAGGART & CO.
89 KING ST. WEST, - - TORONTO

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S PENS
GOLD MEDALS PARIS 1878-1889
Numbers for Ladies' use, Medium and Broad Points, 303, 404, 170, 604, 332, 287, 351, 352, 432, 432 & 1008. Fine Points—128, 166, 227, 290, 908.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.
(Limited) MONTREAL
Offer for sale all grades of refined
SUGARS AND SYRUPS
Of the well-known brand of
Redpath
Certificates of Strength and Purity:
CHEMICAL LABORATORY,
MEDICAL FACULTY, McGILL UNIVERSITY.
To the Canada Sugar Refining Company:
GENTLEMEN—I have taken and tested a sample of your "EXTRA GRANULATED" Sugar, and find that it yielded 99 88 per cent of pure sugar. It is practically as pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured.
Yours truly,
C. F. GIRDWOOD.

THE FATHER MATHEW REMEDY
Is a certain and speedy cure for INTEMPERANCE, and destroy all appetite for alcoholic liquors
Price: $1.00

ATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste
FOR CLEANING THE TEETH
30 YEARS IN USE

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

The Chattel Mortgage.

(Written for Saturday Night by Miss M. C. Doyle.

George Halket was an ambitious young fellow, his friends said. Those who did not call themselves his friends were inclined to shrug their shoulders when his ambition was landed, and mutter something about "Give a beggar a horse, etc."

He had been brought up on a farm, but that life was not congenial to him, and at an early age he had come to the city, and started out in life as a clerk in a grocery store. He was attentive to his work, and earned the good-will of his employers. He was very sharp, they said, and would make a good business man.

Four years after George Halkett left home his father died, and when the estate was settled up there was about eight hundred dollars coming to George out of it.

A very good grocery business came into the market about that time, and George bought it out and commenced business on his own account. The stock had been valued at fifteen hundred dollars, and as security for the difference between his capital and that amount, he gave four promissory notes, for amounts covering seven hundred dollars, payable in six, twelve, eighteen and twenty-four months.

Being now started in business, George considered that it would be well to get introduced into a higher grade of society than that in which he had formerly moved. He was now a merchant, and intended to be a successful one at all hazards, and of course a merchant was as good as "anybody." He had no lack of faith in himself, and succeeded in elbowing his way into quite a select circle, in its own estimation, where, though he was often snubbed, he never saw it, and "bobbed up serenely" again and again. The friends whom he had made in his earlier days, when he was only a grocer's clerk, he rather avoided now. Relatively, they were better people than many of those whom he courted after he became a merchant, but the stars that he saw in the distance were "business success," and "social success,"—moral success he did not bother about—and of course he wished to cultivate the people and things which he thought would assist him climbing to those golden stars.

When the first note fell due he met it without difficulty, and consequently felt very well satisfied with himself and the world in general.

Municipal elections were at hand, and our hero conceived the brilliant idea of running for office. Even if he failed, he thought, it would have the effect of bringing his name before the public, and if he succeeded—well, so much the more glory on the name of Halkett.

Voting came and he was defeated, much to his chagrin, it must be confessed. The bitterest part of it was that he had spent so much money on the election that he would not be able to meet his twelve months note which would mature shortly.

His creditors granted him an extension of two months, and he set to work to make up for lost time. He advertised extensively, and started a system of giving presents of china and glassware with so many pounds of tea, or sugar, etc. By dint of a hard struggle he succeeded in meeting the note at the end of the extension.

Time passed on and all the notes were paid, and George Halkett was considered to be well started in business. He had bought a horse and carriage, in which he drove around the fair ladies of his acquaintance; was a member of a very exclusive athletic club, and had the names of quite a number of fashionable people on his visiting list.

He had invested in a lot on an aristocratic avenue, and rumor had it that he was going to build a dwelling house thereon. Some once rumor was right. He was going to build a house, and when it was completed in all its magnificence, he was going to ask a certain fair lady to share it with him.

Mamie Bell was the youngest daughter of a family which possessed more pride than money or lands, and hitherto she had rather looked down upon the grocer who was aspiring to her hand, but George Halkett knowingly suspected that if he could offer her a handsome home, a horse and carriage, and plenty of fine dresses, Miss Bell would not say him nay.

He was right in his conjecture. As time upon tier of brick was placed in position in the walls of the house, Miss Bell's consideration of "the grocer" increased. Peculiarities of speech and manner which had formerly been subjects for jest were not referred to any or, if touched upon at all, were mentioned after the fashion in which we speak of the eccentricities of the great.

Of course it required a large outlay to build this house, and Halkett was by no means a millionaire. In order to carry on the work he obtained a loan on the security of the land, the money to be paid him as the work progressed.

Ere the last brick was laid in place, Miss Mamie Bell had promised to take "the grocer" for better or worse.

When all the accounts came in, Halkett found that his money had not gone nearly so far as he had thought it would, and he had run back into run behind a little, owing to his mind being diverted from it to the building of his house. As he had arranged for his marriage to take place shortly, he found it necessary to raise more money, and he did so, but with some difficulty.

The preparations for the wedding went on apace, and the friends of the bride-elect were kept in a fever of excitement by the handsome presents Mr. Halkett was continually giving her. He gave her a seal-skin sacque which the gossips declared came down to her heels, and the set of diamonds was beyond compare. Not only Mamie, but her mother and sister as well received costly presents from Mr. Halkett.

Of course he knew he was crippling his business, but consoled himself by saying that when he was married and settled down, he could pull up again. His creditors began to get troublesome, and he endeavored to quiet them with promises.

About a week before the wedding he ascertained the unpleasant fact that three writs had been issued against him. Straightway he repaired to his lawyer and explained the situation.

"You say you are to be married in a week," said the lawyer. "Well, make a deed of your house to your wife, and give her a chattel mortgage on your stock and fixtures. I will prepare the papers and you can execute them on the day you are married, and in the meantime I will file a defence to each of these Writs."

This seemed to solve the difficulty and Halkett's mind became more settled. Mamie, he thought, did not know anything about business, and if he simply told her that he was giving her a deed of the house, it would not be necessary to go into any more details.

The marriage took place at nine o'clock in the morning, and the newly wedded pair were to leave for a short tour at 2.30. One o'clock was the appointed hour at which the lawyer was to attend with the documents which required signature.

The wedding did not differ in any essential particular from scores of other weddings, save that the soul of the bridegroom was not in as peaceful a state as it might have been, because everywhere his eyes turned, he saw the word "bankruptcy" written in capital letters, and that is not a restful prospect for any man, even though he is listening to the voice of (to him) the dearest girl in the world, promising to love him through good and evil report, till death shall separate them.

Punctually at the hour named, the lawyer and his clerk arrived, and the parties immediately interested—George, his wife and her father, were called together for business. The deed was first attended to, and then the chattel mortgage. George asked the lawyer if it was necessary to have it read over. "As you wish," was the reply. Mr. Bell had caught the word "mortgage," and having a decided antipathy to it, based on old and intimate acquaintance, he insisted that the document should be read. George fidgeted about a good deal while it was being read, and Mr. Bell's face grew very long. It might have been Hebrew so far as Mamie was concerned. After the first two or three sentences the words conveyed no meaning to her whatever.

At last it was over, and Mr. Bell asked why it was necessary that this precious document should be signed? Why was Halkett giving over everything to his wife? The lawyer endeavored to show the matter in the best possible light, stating that it would make Halkett's business safer, times had been dull lately, etc.—anything rather than the truth. Old Mr. Bell was not satisfied, however. He had seen too much of the world to be easily deceived, and he knew that his daughter's future was not by any means secured.

Two weeks passed away, and it was announced that Mr. and Mrs. Halkett had returned to the city and were at home to their friends. Their "dear five hundred friends" went to see them, and carried away tales of the magnificence of the house and its furnishings, and of the no less magnificent costumes of the bride.

Everyone predicted an early crash; nothing else could result from such extravagance. And they were not wrong. About two months from the date of his marriage Halkett assigned for the benefit of his creditors.

At the meeting of the creditors it was discovered that a chattel mortgage to Mrs. Halkett covered the entire stock, shop fixtures, etc.; that the house stood in her name subject to a large mortgage, and that nothing but thin air was left for the creditors.

The holder of land mortgage commenced an action of foreclosure, and the creditors took steps to test the validity of the chattel mortgage to Mrs. Halkett.

Both actions succeeded and George Halkett was a ruined man. His wife overwhelmed him with bitter reproaches and wished that she had died before she ever saw him. It was no balm to her soul to be told that it was to win her that he had incurred the heavy liabilities which had made him a bankrupt.

Mrs. Halkett went home to her father's house and George went west, to Butte City, Montana.

Four years passed away, during which time George Halkett worked steadily to retrieve his fallen fortunes. He sent money constantly to his wife, who was still living at home. Assiduity had made him a careful, thoughtful man, very unlike what he was before his marriage. He was struggling hard to make a comfortable home, before he sent for his wife, but he had registered a promise in his heart that everything about it was to be paid for in solid cash before she enjoyed it.

At last all was prepared, and he asked his wife to come. In due course he received her reply to the effect that she was happy enough at home, but she wished him to send her money for her support there; she had no desire to go out to a rough, wild place, such as she believed Butte City to be. In fact, she was surprised that he would exoect her to do such a thing.

George Halkett's mouth grew very hard as he read the cruel heartless words, and from that day onward he toiled more unremittingly than before, and succeeded in paying off every direction. He invested some money in a mining claim, and was repaid a thousand-fold. He bought a quantity of land in a suburb of a town in the Northwest, and Halkett's bank account swelled up accordingly.

"Mister Halkett," they called him, and yet he hardly dared to think. He was doing well in business relations, it is true, and had the reputation of driving a very hard bargain, but no one in distress ever appealed to him in vain, and many a young business man was indebted to him for assistance, both in money and good counsel.

The friends of his early years never heard of him, and many of them had forgotten him. Old Mr. Bell was dead, and Mrs. Halkett made her home with her sister, who had married a wealthy man. She had no kindly feeling left for George, and often wished that she could undo the chain that bound her to him.

Ten more years rolled on, and one morning the postman brings a letter to Mrs. Halkett from Butte, but it is not in her husband's handwriting, and instinctively she wonders why any one else should write to her from there. It is quite a bulky letter, and when open she finds within it, together with a letter from a lawyer, another envelope in her husband's hand-writing addressed to her. The lawyer's letter informs her of the death of George Halkett some days ago. "He made a will a few days before his death," the letter said, "leaving everything to you absolutely, and making you the executor. His assets all amount to something over one hundred thousand dollars. The greater portion of it he contrived into money during the past year. He end came suddenly, but I am happy to say pain'easly. Will you kindly instruct me as to what disposition you wish to make of the estate?"

"One hundred thousand dollars, and a widow," was the first shape Mrs. Halkett's thoughts took. "Poor George! poor George! What a lonely life he must have had, working so hard all these years, for he must have worked hard to make so much money." Then her eyes fell on the unopened letter, a veritable message from the dead.

"My dear wife, if you read these lines the hand that pens them will be cold in death. I now know that I have not many days to live, and I am glad. I am sorry that you were so unfortunate as to marry me, but during the years since I saw you last I have tried to make atonement in the only way I could, and I have been successful, and when this reaches you, you will be weal hy and unfettered."

OTTAWA, Ont.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

FOR ABUSE OF ALCOHOL.

It relieves the depression therefrom.

The Christmas Magazines.

December is the gala month for the great magazines, and this year the viands offered for eye and mind are as rich as ever. *Scribner's* presents some fine articles and finer pictures. E. H. and E. W. Blashfield contribute a paper on the Nile, illustrated by the former and engraved in excellent and most suggestive manner. The well known artist, Howard Pyle, contributes the pictures to an account of the Druidical Oak of Gelamer, and some sketches to Mrs. Guiney's narrative poem, Peter Rugg, the Bostonian. Perhaps the most delightful paper is that on Ven'ce, by the great watercolorist F. Hopkinson Smith, some of whose Venetian sketches are very fine. A paper on the English artist Albert Moore, entitled A Painter of Beautiful Dreams, has several beautiful engravings of Moore's works. One of the best poems on Lowell is Thomas Bailey Aldrich's Elmwood. Robert Louis Stevenson continues The Wrecker and the balance of the fiction is by Sarah Orne Jewett, George A. Hibbard and John Heard, Jr. On the whole, the magazine is one of the best of the month.

The *Atlantic* for December has a most æsthetic programme. Harriet Waters Preston and Louise Dodge contribute another of their delightful historical essays on the lesser lights of later Roman history. They have now got down to Lupus of Ferrieres, a torch-bearer of knowledge in the dark ages. Another fine paper is an address delivered by the late James Russell Lowell on Shakespeare's Richard III. Henry James concludes The Chaperon, and Harriet Lewis Bradley contributes a short story entitled The Unreported Incident. The Transition in New England Theology is dealt with. Lafcadio Hearn contributes another Japanese paper, and two good literary articles are Agnes Rippler's The Praises of War, and Lida von Krockow's American Characters in German Novels. The books reviewed are Recent Dante Literature, and Recent Poetry. Three fine sonnets on London and Oxford are published anonymously.

Lippincott's for December is a Southern number. The articles and stories are Southern by Southerners, and many well known authors contribute. Thomas Nelson Page reviews literature in the South since the war, in a masterly and comprehensive way; Sara M. Handy has an interesting article on Negro Superstitions; Mr. T. C. De Leon has an interesting complete novel, entitled A Fair Blocade Breaker, and Richard M. Johnston has a Georgia story. The poetry and shorter articles are excellent.

The *Cosmopolitan* is attractive and is illustrated largely with photogravures. A principal feature is the commencement of Mrs. Burton's serial, A Daughter of The South, beautifully illustrated by Wilson De Mega. Lewis M. Haupt's article on Rapid Transit is of timely interest, and Sherman's letters in his Army Home, edited by his daughter, are very valuable. Mrs. Sherwood writes on American Methods of Entertaining, and the great labor question. Poetry contributes a striking article entitled On Earth, Peace, Good Will Toward Men. There is some fine poetry in the number and a good short story entitled A Hindoo Romance, with many other interesting features. The unsurpassed editorial and critical departments of this magazine are as fine as ever.

Magnificent Vestibule Pullman Sleepers, Toronto to New York, via Erie Ry.

The Erie have had two of the finest sleepers built that money would buy, especially for this run. They leave Toronto at 4.55 p.m. daily, except Sundays, arriving in New York early next morning. Beautiful dining cars attached to all trains for meals. For further information apply to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto.

Badly Tangled.

"Chi-chi-children," began the timid young man who had just been appointed superintendent of the sabbath school. "Of course you are all familiar with the story of the swallow that waled Jonah—er—er—I mean the swale that wallowed Jonah—er—er—that is, the wale that Jonahed — um — um — the Jol'ow that wonahed the swale—I mean—er—the fall that swallowed wona—er —er — gug — gug———" (Chokes.)

"I presume, Brother Sims," said the collection taker kindly, "you mean the Jonah that swallowed the—er—er—that is———"

"Ye-yes, sir," responded the timid young man; "that is what I mean."

WORTH OF NOTICE.—Capilline is the most perfect Hair Restorer ever offered, being nicely perfumed and absolutely limpid. Price 50 cts.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

BEE AND VERBA.—You did not enclose coupon.

SARAH PUCKEY, No. 2.—The exact opposite of No. 1.

FEELER.—Identity, independence, rather good opinion of self, determination, decision, lack of hypocrisy, some love of society, and a hasty temper are shown in this study.

LILLIE 2, AND MEEK ARM.—No coupon enclosed. I would like to hold a the last named correspondent that such a study as she furnished would probably not be delineated.

ETHEL, 112.—I quite see through your trick, and to show you that I do, will decline specimen of your handwriting. If you can accomplish a ladylike and sensible study I will attend to it at some future date.

CROCUS.—Not bad by any means, but when you'll fall in love, you silly goose. I hope not often for your friend's sake. This column isn't for answering such absurd queries. 2. Unless I have mistaken the signature you gave us each can I tell. Such letters as this make me tired out!

NAWOO.—1. Writing shows cure and thought, good energy and considerable conscientiousness, strong intuition, taste for beauty and though slightly lacking in judgment will no doubt succeed in life with perfence. Writer is generous and if graphology tells true, a very attractive and estimable fellow.

INTERMEDIATE.—1. Could not decide such a disputed question. 2. Your writing shows great tenacity and rather an impulsive and uncontrolled energy, judgment is not infallible, not effort always directed by conscientiousness. Writer has some wit and tendencies are elevated, is rather reserved than sparkling, but has humorous perception.

G. F. H.—This writing shows a deliberate and studied manner, careful and slow to receive or believe, equally slow to change opinions or ideas. Writer is no doubt a plodding, has some ideality, also sympathy and tact; is not always sure to be perfectly sincere, though never wilfully untruthful—has good opinion of herself, and shows great determination, also some ambition.

FAR.—Writing is not uniformed, though not what one would call a hand for copy books. It denotes rather an undisciplined nature, a little self-seeking with good reliable and impulsive, impulsive and sufficient tandem for social intercourse. Writer's efforts are fitful and her will capricious, but her ability is good and her taste rather refined. Shows sympathy and tact.

REUER.—You are self willed, fond of argument, and with good reasoning powers, sense of proportion and judgment are fairly, energy is strong and impulsive and not well social intercourse ditto. You are, I am sorry to say, prone to egotism and to self-praise. Your will is strong, but not obstinate, fond of mirth, and very decided in your affections. Lady Gay has, I believe, already noticed your request.

MAC.—Decidedly, your handwriting shows a well-regulated effort, strong will, perhaps some selfishness, ideality, desire to rise, love of success, lack of judgment, some sensibility, but rather sharp criticism. Writer is not in love before reaching her goal, does not make many friends, but would be kind, and though cautious of confidence, not by any means lacking system, study lacks finish and snap, but could be easily improved.

WILLING MINDEDNESS.—The length of your letter settled it. I have not time to wade through such a budget. Please consider that my time is worth money, and though it may be a pastime to you to unload sheets of foolscap on the busy people, they must perforce deny themselves the pleasure of reading them. What was it all about? Well, I guess it was the words divorce court in the middle. Hope I haven't missed something spicy.

SARAH PUCKER.—This writing shows a rather careless and lymphatic nature, with good impulses, if only she carries them out; persistency and lack of snap go hand in hand. I hope our dreamer's hour her friends will bring stories. She lacks perception and tact, and, though she generally accomplishes what she sets her heart on, she has the penalty of doing it charmingly. Sarah, need you please brace up, pull in some of your loose canvas and steer straight.

A WEE BIT DISCOURAGED.—Thank you very much. I have read them with interest. The reason they were not printed is that they are closely written on both sides of thin paper in which form they are very difficult to read, and I never have time to copy them out. Your former sketch I have addressed as you have said, but not being aware of why my predecessor had left it I laid it aside. I hope your delineation pleased you. Your writing is so attractive.

MARION.—Very glad our paper finds pleased readers in your pretty town, which I know and admire very much. You are a practical, sensible, constant little woman, of strong feeling and an even temperament, neither hopeful nor despondent. You never deceive yourself, you know one, and you have sharp insight and sometimes sharp words handy. Decision is good and fundness for so's corrupt plaisir shows. You are not deficient in conscientiousness, but it is well controlled. Perhaps hasty judgment and a little egotism are your weak points.

ANNIE.—I could not answer you before your turn came. 2. I have known several successful students who did not begin earlier. It is not a question of age, should not practise so long as is necessary, therefore you have not lost so very much time. So far as one can judge, you have not any great natural gifts for the art. Your handwriting shows that you may become a fair artist. It lacks imagination, ideality and sympathy, but shows good energy, strength of purpose, desire for success, facility of expression, self-reliance, sense of humor, carefulness, originality, and tenacity, a medium good temper, a touch of self-will and well developed caution. A strong and capable character though not as winning as could.

BILL SHAKESPEARE.—1. I think, German. 2. French is the more easily learned. 3. Yes. 4. Pure air, simple diet, plenty of exercise, and strict cleanliness. Sometimes the state of the blood needs in addition a purifying medicine. 5. Another usurpanca-de correspondent. You know very well it is not possible to answer "at once," and I never do so unless the information asked for demands it. Your writing shows some perception, judgment and sociability, lacks care for details and determination, while you have good temper, some love of planning and ability to carry out plans. You are too easily influenced to renounce a project, and are sensitive to the blame or praise of others in a marked degree. You have a bright fancy and some energy, but are not imaginative or idealistic, and are a little prone to self-will. With encouragement you would persevere and achieve success. Your hand lacks snap and decision.

THREE POINTS

Pozzoni's COMPLEXION POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.

THREE White, Pink, Brunette. POZZONI'S All Druggists and Fancy Stores. TINTS.

New Mexico for Consumptives.

EXTRACT FROM REPORT TO THE AMERICAN HEALTH RESORT ASSOCIATION.

"I think New Mexico surpasses any locality for consumptives I have yet visited, and I have been all over California, Colorado and the South, Sandwich Islands and Europe."

J. D. DANTER, M. D.,
M. C. P. and S., Ont.

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The springs are numerous and the water is of all temperatures (from hot to cool), and has a great reputation for the cure of rheumatism, gout, gravel, skin diseases, catarrh, lithiasis, etc.

There is no malaria there, and the location is delightful at any time of the year. The climate of that high altitude, is invigorating, rendering the baths doubly beneficial. Accommodations ample and reasonable.

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Write for book and see analysis of the water, and the many testimonials.

For particulars as to routes, trains, rates, etc., to any of the above points mentioned, address any Santa Fe R. R. ticket office, or

212 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO.
261 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
332 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
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Martha Haight, 345 King Street West, says of it: "*Alaska Cream* is the most delightful preparation I ever used for my complexion; it is not the least bit greasy nor sticky, and while I am using it I never have chapped hands or face. I am glad you drew my attention to it."

This preparation is so harmless that children could swallow it without injury.

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TORONTO

Small Feet.

"Did you ask what would be considered a small foot?" said a shoe salesman in a New York shop, as, kneeling before a customer, she deftly fitted on a pair of india-rubbers. "Well, I should call number three a small size, and three and one-half even. The average is about five; seven is large, although I have seen very nice-looking feet that were sevens. I have one customer who wears a size and another who wears ones. Quite a contrast, isn't it? The smallest foot on a grown person I ever saw belonged to one of our customers; she wore thirteen—child's size; but it isn't pretty a bit—it looks so tottering. The lady upon whom she had been waiting looked at her own shapely feet (slender threes) with great satisfaction. "I do not care for excessively small feet," she remarked to her companion; "but one thing I know—feet have grown larger than they used to be when I was a girl. Whether it is because we wear larger shoes or because we walk so much more, I don't know; but twenty years ago quite a number of my friends wore ones, and now I do not know a soul who wears a shoe smaller than threes." "Is it the walking, I think," said her companion; "in those days no one took any exercise." "Yes, and then, too, it is no longer the fashion to wear short boots. I daresay both reasons hold good; but the American foot is certainly larger than it used to be."

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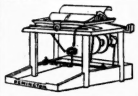

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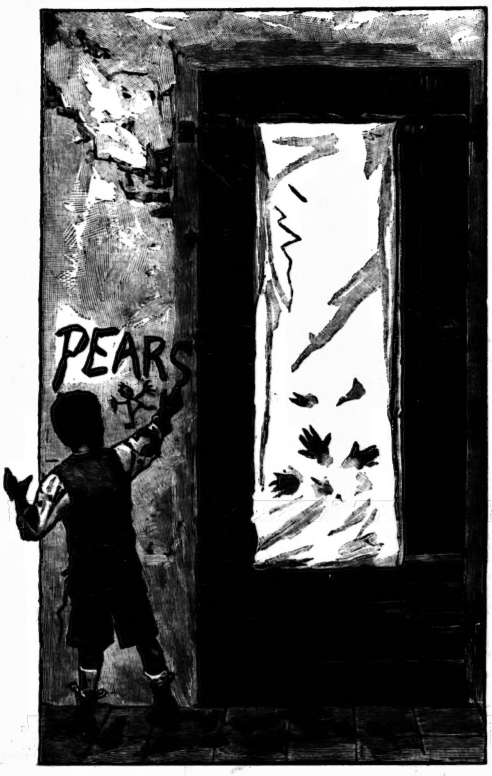
A general meeting of the shareholders of the Sheppard Publishing Company (Limited) will be held at offices of the said company on

Tuesday, December 29, 1891

AT 3 O'CLOCK P.M.,

When the annual statement will be presented and officers elected for the ensuing year.

J. A. TAYLOR, Secretary.



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Music.

ONE of the most interesting concerts yet given by the Toronto Vocal Society was that of December 17. The society was good and the soloists were exceptionally so. The chorus, some one hundred and forty strong, was more than usually well balanced in tone, though the alto section was weak in comparison with the others. The tone quality of the chorus was excellent, the basses being resonant to a degree, while the tenors were firm and stout. Occasional shrill voices in the sopranos there were, 'tis true, but the mass of voices was sufficiently excellent to cover up these undesirable ones. The attack and shading were most commendable and reflected credit upon the chorus and the conductor, Mr. W. Edgar Buck, alike. The selection of part songs might be called a nocturnal one—Night, Lovely Night, Moonlight, and To The Night. As might be expected from such a collection of sentiment, the programme suffered somewhat from a want of contrast in its items. The best work of the society was done in Faning's Moonlight, which received a most elegant rendition and was encored. The other pieces by the full society were carefully rendered, one of them Michael Watson's, arrangement of his song, Anchored, being rather below the standard of the society. The Choral March, sung by male voices, was a fair performance, being rendered with spirit and dash. The three part song for ladies' voices suffered from the usual disinclination of ladies to sing second soprano, whereby the balance of tone was wrecked.

*

The soloists were, as I have said, excellent. Mr. Victor Herbert has appeared here before as a 'cello soloist, but has not been so fortunate in having a large audience until this event. He is an artist of the highest degree; has a splendid tone, full of the greatest variety of color, from virile sonority to the most exquisite delicacy; a faultless intonation; an unfailing technique, and the feeling and interpretation of the cultured musician. Miss Irene Gurney, in spite of a slightly evident nervousness, fully justified the high regard concert-goers entertain for her. The singing of Miss Olive Fremstadt created an admirable impression. A handsome woman and a large, sympathetic voice unite to success in her case. The voice is a trifle lacking in agility and brightness, but is very effective in its dramatic power. She was well received and recalled.

*

The fair Agnes Huntington has been with us this week in her new opera by Planquette, entitled Captain Therese. The version played here is quite different from that used in England, the standard of American audiences having been "written up to" by Louis Harrison. Fortunately this has not interfered with a good plot and general structure, but it has interjected some vile puns of particularly rich atrocity. The music is good, quite up to Planquette's former work, and contains many airs that will be remembered after the opera has gone from us. The chorus is excellent, being composed of young, fresh voices belonging to young and good-looking people. They sing well but on Monday evening wandered somewhat from the key. Scenery and costumes are excellent, and stage pictures are pretty and effective. Miss Huntington, always a favorite in Toronto, won renewed honors. Her acting is spirited and graceful as ever, but her voice seems to be overworked. She was called before the curtain at the close of each act. She has a couple of very effective solos—the Pensionnaire's Song, and Your Captain, Sir, I Represent. Her support was very good, and was well received.

*

The Academy gave us a splendid bit of comic opera on Monday, when the Tar and the Tartar was put on for the week. The opera is funny with quite a bit of plot and the music is good, while the company is excellent. The leading artist in the company is Miss Marion Manola, who is a very pleasing singer and a finished actress. Her voice is bright and sweet, and she sings with taste and finish. Mr. Digby Bell, Miss Laura Joyce Bell and Mr. Hubert Wilke are well known as capable artists, and they do their work well. One point worthy of the greatest praise is the sixteen-men-tied orchestra, numbering sixteen, who played the music excellently.

*

Mr. Boscovitz's second recital was a rare treat to lovers of Chopin. Our friend as a pupil of Chopin may fairly be supposed to have acquired the master's ideas, and anyone who heard him play on Monday evening must have felt that there was more than the mere individual conception of a composer's meaning. The certainty of phrasing, the fine delicacy and *tristesse* that form the strange, weird combination of this music, are all felt and played by Boscovitz. The most extreme contrasts of sentiment and tone are alike easy to him, on account of his marvelous technique, while the warmth of the tone-color and expression shown by him are peculiar to him.

*

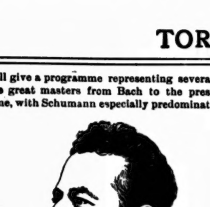
The young men of the University Glee Club went on a little tour last week and visited Niagara Falls, St. Catharines, Brantford, and Chatham. They were under the musical direction of Mr. E. W. Schuch and were well received everywhere; had good houses, lots of applause, fine suppers, and met numbers of pretty girls, so that the Glee Club bids fair to become the most popular department of the 'Varsity.

*

Next Wednesday will bring us Vladimir de Pachmann. He will play a number of Chopin numbers, including a ballade, nocturne, three etudes, three waltzes, scherzo, mazourka and berceuse. Besides these Mendelssohn, Liszt and Weber will be represented. Mrs. Julie Wyman will contribute a because by Godard, and songs by Nevin and Goreing Thomas.

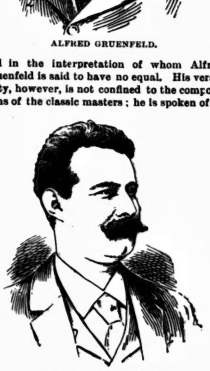
*

Alfred Gruenfeld, the celebrated "court" pianist, and his brother Heinrich, the famous violoncellist, in their concert here on January 7, will give a programme representing several of the great masters from Bach to the present time, with Schumann especially predominating



ALFRED GRUENFELD.

and in the interpretation of whom Alfred Gruenfeld is said to have no equal. His versatility, however, is not confined to the compositions of the classic masters; he is spoken of as



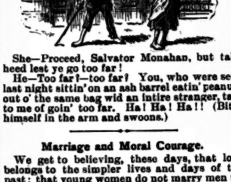
HEINRICH GRUENFELD.

being equally at home in the playing of a Strauss waltz, in which he imitates the piquant Strauss instrumentation, attaining marvelously pleasing effects. Heinrich, the 'cellist, is reported as resembling his brother in musical temperament. To hear these artists certainly promises to be a treat. METRONOME.

For Girl Students.

Girl students in strange cities, and with slender purses, often experience great difficulty in securing suitable boarding places at prices within their means. Other cities would do well to imitate the example of a wise Boston man, who has recently opened a large house on Huntington avenue, which is furnished comfortably, and even handsomely, and offers the girl student a refined and tasteful home at a reasonable rate. Rooms range in price from one dollar and fifty cents to three dollars and fifty cents per week. Breakfast and dinner, wholesome and substantial, are served for nineteen and a half cents each, and lunch, which may be carried away or eaten at the house, costs nine and a half cents. The dining-room is a delightful apartment, overlooking the Back Bay Park. An elegant parlor, music, reading and sitting-rooms, and a spacious veranda on the roof are accessible to all; and Wednesday evening receptions, concerts and addresses by distinguished women are other advantages generously supplied to the occupants of the Bartol. To all students who elect to remain here one year the institution is co-operative.

Very Green Eyed.



She—Proceed, Salvator Monahan, but take heed lest ye go too far!

He—Too far!—too far! You, who were seen last night sittin' on an ash barrel eatin' peanuts out o' the same bag wid an entire stranger, talk to me of goin' too far. Ha! Ha! Ha!! (Bites himself in the arm and swoons.)

Marriage and Moral Courage.

We get to believing, these days, that love belongs to the simpler lives and days of the past; that young women do not marry men today unless they are assured of a fine establishment. This thought forces itself upon us at times, and I am always glad to find among the young women in society those who have fine, earnest, sincere views of life and marriage and its meaning. I was rejoiced, not many days since, to listen to the talk of a refreshingly sensible young woman, and to the best of the material things, a fine home, wealth, and artistic surroundings. This young lady said:

"I don't see why girls should not begin simply, as our mothers did, marry a man for love and help him to accumulate."

She said she would just exactly as lief, and rather than not, begin her married life in a humble way, and by the combined efforts of both win what would give them more pleasure to enjoy than if gotten easily.

Now wasn't that refreshing as a breeze from the mountains on a torrid day? I enjoyed it, and I know you will. "But," said some one, "how are girls to marry and live in this primitive way, when every one around them is surrounded with costly furniture, all sorts of fine things, and China from Paris, entertain as do princes royal and all that sort of thing?"

"That is all folly," said the fine young woman, and I just sat back and listened with delight. I thought if sense and moral courage had so fine a defender, no need for me to waste my breath, I would rest a bit. "All nonsense," she went on; "it is only for want of courage they think they have to have these things. Nobody respects you a particle more if you live beyond your means, every one sees through your shams, and I tell you even the rich, whom some try to ape, will respect you a thousand times more if you live honestly." Then she told about a house in this city where a sweet little wife of a few years, brought up in luxury, wedded a poor man because she loved him, and started life in a humble little home, attending to her own household duties, until now they have many a pretty piece of furniture and own their pleasant home. This little woman enjoys keenly everything she possesses, and though she has a servant, she frequently entertains at a dinner, prepared by her own hands, the wealthiest young ladies and gentlemen in the city, who find her hospitality delightful, and would never dream of criticizing her economies. All sit down together and pass things, the hostess herself arranges as much as possible not to have to arise, but when she does there is no affectation or embarrassment. And this young woman has lost no particle of her social tone or standing, is expected to the best things, and welcome in all homes where she was entertained when she was the daughter of a rich man.

Courage, moral courage, is the priceless jewel we need. And it is not for sale at every corner grocery.—*Louise Markschaffel.*

Girlhood.

Girlhood is a beautiful season, and its love—its warm, uncalculating, devoted love—so exaggerating in its simplicity—so keen from its freshness—is the poetry of attachment; after years have nothing like it. To know that the love which once seemed eternal can have an end destroys its immortality; and it is thus brought to a level with the beginnings and endings, the chances and changes, the commonplace employments and pleasures of life. And, alas! from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step; our divinity turns out an idol; we are grown too wise, too worldly for our former faith, and we laugh at what we wept before. Such laughter is more bitter—a thousand times more bitter—than tears.

The True Irish Shamrock.

In Ireland only one shamrock is known. It is an indigenous species of clover, which trails along the ground among the grass in meadows. The trefoil leaves are not more than one-fourth the size of the smallest clover I have seen in America, and are pure green in color, without any of the brown shading of white and pink clovers. The creeping stem is hard and fibrous, and is quite difficult to dislodge from the earth. On St. Patrick's day the true shamrock has to be searched out among the grass, for, though comparatively plentiful at that season, it grows close to the ground. Later it bears a tiny whitey brown blossom. The information that shamrakh is the Arabic word for trefoil may be of service to those interested in the origin of the Irish race. The word could have been introduced by the Milesians, or it may furnish an argument in support of the contention that one of the lost ten tribes of Israel settled in Ireland, which has been revived by the publication of a recent book.

The Danger of White Lies.

Margaret—Why, the man you are going to marry must be ten years older than you!

Rose—Oh, no; he's thirty and I'm twenty-six.

Margaret—Oh, nonsense; you're not twenty-six.

Rose—Yes, I am—really and truthfully.

Margaret—Have you told him so?

Rose—Of course.

Margaret—What a pity!

Rose—Why?

Margaret—Because I've just gotten the invitation to your parents' silver wedding next week.

A Rare Bird.

While you're out with Diogenes for rarities, try to find the man who could write a book and didn't.

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Prices, $1, 75c. and 50c.

Plan opens at Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's on Tuesday, December 22.

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EDMUND B. OSLER

Let Us Try for One Year a Business Man and a Business Plan

The City's yearly expenditure is greater than that of the Province; it is criminal folly to vote it into the hands of incompetent men.

Sectional issues ought to be secondary to the general welfare.

The administration of $6,000,000 annually ought to be supervised by a man who has a first-rate knowledge of finance.

One or two years' experience as an Alderman does not make a Financial Expert.

Familiarity with municipal routine has not kept down the taxes.

A capable administrator will stop the growth of taxation, sustain the City's credit and amend the system under which many taxpayers are on the road to ruin.

VOTE FOR

EDMUND B. OSLER

FOR MAYOR

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ON

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Good to return until Jan. 2, 1892.

Fare and One-Third

ON

Dec. 31, '91, and Jan. 1, '92

Good to return until Jan. 4, 1892.

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I take much pleasure in wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

HENRY A. TAYLOR,

The Fashionable West End Tailor.

Rossin House Block, Toronto.

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FOR PRESENTS

Dinner Sets	From $5.50 to $150 00
Tea Sets	From 2 00 to 125 00
5 o'Clock Sets	From 2.50 to 30 00
Salad Sets	From 3.00 to 15 00
Fish Sets	From 10.00 to 25 00
Banquet Lamps	From 4.50 to 70 00
Piano Lamps	From 6 00 to 50.00
Table Lamps	From 1.50 to 15 00
Fancy Pieces of Art Pottery	All prices

PANTECHNETHECA

116 Yonge Street

McKendry's Greeting

TO THE

READERS OF SATURDAY NIGHT

Slap, Bang, Here We are Again!

McKendry Once More on the War Path

Having just completed the fixing up for Christmas of our Elegant Basement Bazar, we are prepared to offer to the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT the choicest assortment of Christmas Novelties ever classed together under one roof. Lighted by electricity, carpeted and comfortably furnished, it presents a very pleasing appearance to the worn-out purchaser who is sick of the shoppy look of the surrounding stores.

Our Bazar is fitted up, not only to sell our goods, but to be pleasurable and comfortable for our customers.

Bamboo at the Lowest Possible Prices

In our Basement Bazar

Mothers bring the little ones around and give them an hour of solid fun. Musical Boxes, Mechanical Toys, &c., always going. See our 5c., 10c. and 25c. Toy Counters. Purchasers from these counters save 100 per cent.

Dry Goods and Millinery away down next week.

Don't forget Monday, McKendry's Bargain Day.

Mantles at Rock Bottom Prices—40 and 50 per cent. off all Mantles.

McKENDRY'S 202

6 Doors north of Queen on Yonge St.

Making a Long Story Short.

Husband—What a splendid dinner you have to-night.

Wife—(complacently)—Yes, dear, I thought it would please you.

Husband—What kind of a dress are you thinking of getting?

The Foreign Vote.

Citizen—These ignorant foreigners should not be allowed to vote.

Stateaman—That's just what I was thinkin'. Half of 'em look so much alike I can't tell which ones I've given two dollar bills to, an' which ones I haven't.

Little, But Oh My!

Epigrams are fretful little grasshoppers on the slopes of Mount Parnassus.

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Mr. and Mrs. George Dunstan have removed to May street, Rosedale.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Davies are settled in their home in Rosedale.

The Wanderers' Bicycle Club give a ball in the Pavilion, on Tuesday, January 12. The boys have issued a very attractive invitation card, on which is a representation of their new emblem, an arrow passing through a tire. If this means that the Wanderers make good time, no one will dispute the appropriateness of the selection.

Only a Sparrow.

Though they moved in the highest circles, their home was a modest one. It consisted of one room. It was next to the broad, overhanging roof, and had scarcely any furniture save the cots in which they slept at night.

During the day the family was scattered about the city, as each member of it had his or her own living to make, but all came together in the evening, and a merry, contented lot they were, despite their poverty and the numerous hardships and sacrifices they endured for the sake of keeping up appearances.

Very early this morning, while sleeping the sleep of the healthy and light-hearted, they were roused by the crashing of a stone into their little room.

It struck the mother of the family squarely on the head and she fell lifeless, her blood staining the soft, mossy mattress that lined the queer little cot in which she lay.

With screams of terror, hardly knowing what they did, the others fled. Rude hands lifted up the motionless form of the mother, and in another moment it was roughly tossed into a sack.

She was only an English sparrow, with no friends to speak of, and there is no use in making any fuss over her.

The dear little boy who threw the stone stood on a ladder that leaned against the side of the house. He got out of bed before daylight this morning to collect material for a little Thanksgiving dinner of his own. He got it.

Besides this he will get two cents for her head.

Saved.

Howling Bill (the scout)—Well, ole Ranger, they ain't no use of both of us starvin'. I hate t' do it, but I reckon I'll hev t' eat yer, now I've gnawed up th' saddle an' bridle.

Old Ranger (to himself)—Never give up th' ship, pard.

Old Time Recipes.

The queer beliefs, superstitions, etc., given below, have been culled by the editor of Notes for the Curious from the works of Mizaldus, Minus, Galen, Arnoldus, Africanus and others. Some of these works are classed among the rarest of bibliographical treasures.

"The blood of a white hen smeared all over the face that is full of freckles and let alone until it be dry and then wiped off clean, taketh away the freckles and spots."

"An excellent cure for the gout is to take a young puppy, all of one color if you can get such a one, and cut him in two pieces through the back while alive and lay the hot end to the grieved place."

"The hoofs and fore feet of a cow, dried and taken any way, are excellent against a cough; if burnt, the smoke of them will drive away mice."

"If your nose bleed on the left side crush the little finger of the right hand, and for the other side do the opposite."

"An egg that is laid on Thursday, the white being emptied out and the empty place being filled with salt and gently roasted by the fire, will cure cankered teeth and kill the worms which eat the teeth."

"Cantharides wrapped in a spider's web and hanged over him who is suffering with quartane ague, perfectly cures him."

"To draw a tooth without pain: Fill an earthen crucible with emmets or ants, eggs and all, and when you have burned them keep the ashes, with which if you touch a tooth it will drop out."

"The little bone of the knee joint of a hare's hind leg doth presently help the cramps if you do but touch the grieved place with it."

"Take a great, overgrown toad and tie her up in a leather bag pricked full of holes, and put bag and all in an ant-hill. The ants will eat away all her flesh, then you can find a stone of marvelous virtue. If a man be poisoned, this stone will draw all the poison to it presently: if he be stung or bitten by an adder, by touching it with this stone both pain and swelling will presently cease."

"Jet as well as amber, if hung about one's neck, is profitable against the distillation of phlegm in the throat and lungs."

"If a man hath the dropsy, stand him up to his neck in sand by the seaside on a hot day and the sand will draw up all the water and cure the disease."

"A stone called granite, if worn in a bag at the neck, strengthens the heart, but is said to hurt the brain."

Bound to Have the Best.

Mrs. Siders (of Chicago—in Paris)—What's the price of that one?

Salesman—Ten Zoundard francs, madame.

Mr. Siders (breaking in)—Ask him how much extry it will cost t' put reel gold on th' sunset in place of that yaller.

Too Personal.

Holenstein—Come in, my friend—I sell you der loveliest suit ch' glothes you ever saw!

Stranger—One moment, please—allow me to sell you a copy of this magnificent work, The Lost Tribes of Israel, richly illustrated, only two dollars and seventy-five cents!

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A large assortment.
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All the select designs.
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The latest.
Bingham's Pharmacy, 100 Yonge St.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

MORRIS—Dec. 19, Mrs. R. S. Morris—a daughter.
AUSTIN—Dec. 12, Mrs. James Austin—a son.
ELLIOTT—Dec. 16, Mrs. J. Elliott—a daughter.
MARSH—Dec. 15, Mrs. C. H. Marsh—a son.

Marriages.

ADDISON—THOMPSON—Dec., J. L. Addison to Robert Thompson.
ALEXANDER—FITCH—Dec. 16, Adam Alexander to Eva E. Fitch.
SMITH—COBURN—Dec. 2, Eugene Smith to Marion Coburn.
HARRINGTON—HANNAH—Dec. 15, Parley Harrington to Maggie Hannah.
McLEAN—BULL—Dec 16, George McLean to Louisa J. Bull.
GREENLAUS—DANIELS—Dec 16, Mancell T. Greenlaus to Alice Maud Daniels.
PEAREN—WARD—Dec. 16, John E. Pearen to Annie Josephine Ward.
McLEAN—ROBERTSON—Dec. 15, J. M. McLean to Violet Elizabeth Robertson.
HUMPHREY—McCAUSLAND—Dec. 15, Edmond J. Humphrey to Annie McCausland.
DOWKER—MERCER—Dec. 15, James Dowker to Julia Ellen Blanche Mercer.
HUGILL—McCLURE—Dec. 16, Thomas Hugill to Mary Ann McClure.
ROCKWOOD—LEAKE—Dec. 15, Cyrus Lockwood to Eliza Emma Leake.

Deaths.

THOMSON—Dec. 20, Allan S. Thomson, aged 60.
CAMERON—Dec. 20, John Cameron, aged 19.
OSBORNE—Dec. 21, William J. Osborne, 43.
BASTEDO—Buffalo, John T. Bastedo, aged 52.
STAFFORD—Dec. 21, Rev. E. A. Stafford, aged 52.
CRANG—Dec. 21, Mabel Crang, aged 1.
CAMPBELL—Colborne, Dec. 20, Maria Campbell.
HEATON—Dec. 19, Rev. H. E. Heaton, aged 70.
KAY—Dec. 16, John Kay, aged 74.
GOULD—Dec. 17, Mary James Gould, aged 75.
STOWE—Dec. 17, John Stowe, aged 60.
HAMMOND—Dec. 17, Maj-Gen L. Hammond, aged 1.
PURSEY—Dec. 16, Laura E. Pursey.
BLAIN—Dec. 17, Eliza Harrington Blain.
SINCLAIR—Dec. 17, Judge James Sinclair.
WOODS—Dec. 15, Arthur Woods, aged 76.
WHEATON—Dec. 17, Mary A. Wheaton, aged 24.
DAVIDSON—Nov. 6, Lafayette, Julian Davidson.
LYDON—Dec. 16, James Lydon, aged 46.
LOBB—Dec. 15, Stanley N. Lobb, aged 24.
PORTER—Dec. 17, Lydia Georgina Porter.
GALT—Dec. 15, Estella Reade Galt.
WEYMS—Dec. 17, James Weyms, aged 27.
RIDGE—Dec. 15, John Ridge, aged 65.
CLARK—Dec. 18, John Henry Clark, aged 70.
FLETCHER—Dec. 3, Sarah Jane Fletcher.
FURNIVAL—Dec. 16, Thomas George Furnival, aged 60.
MUTTON—Dec. 17, Jas Mutton.
CUNNINGHAM-DUNLOP—Dec. 18, John Cunningham-Dunlop.
TOWNSLEY—Dec. 18, Fred W. Townsley.
READE—Dec. 15, Estella Reade.
STACY—Dec, Joseph Stacy, aged 89.

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This department contains all the leading novelties of the present season, and as Furs of all descriptions are now so popular, and surely nothing could be more conducive to the comfort of ladies, we have laid ourselves out to meet all the requirements of the same.
NOTE THE FOLLOWING---Baltic Seal Storm Collar and Muff, $6.50, $7.50 and $9.50 the set.
Blue Opossum Collar and Muff, $7.50 the set.
Moscow Beaver Collar and Muff, $9.50 the set.
Sable Collar and Muff, $12.50, $15 and 22 the set.
CAPES WITH STORM COLLARS
Oppossum, $15; Astrachan, $9.50, $12; Sable, $15, $22 and $35; Beaver, $20, $30, $35 and $40.
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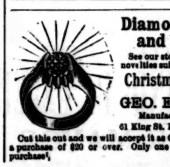

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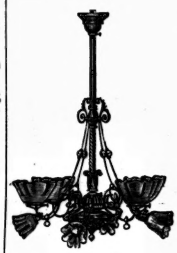

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